



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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BADLY MASHED MODELS.—A HARI-KARI IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO—HOW TWO VENUSES BROKE UP A VERY FINE PICTURE, AND SPOILED THEIR FACIAL CHARMS FOR REPRODUCTION ON CANVAS—THE ART OF PAINTING VS. THE ART OF HAIR-PULLING, BOTH ILLUSTRATED IN A STYLE THAT WAS REALISTIC AND STRIKING; NEW YORK CITY.—See PAGE 15.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

G. E. B., Grinnell, Ia.—Not sensational enough. Come again.
W. A. P., Oxford, O.—Sketch crowded out. Thanks for attention.

R. S., Olean, N. Y.—You can send portrait. "Do not care to make regular arrangements at your place."
Jno., Fort Schuyler, N. Y.—Portrait crowded out. Will be of no use for future number. Will return.

J. E. H. P., Meade, D. T.—Will probably make use of sketch. Should we do so, you will hear from us.

F. B. M., Waco, Tex.—Received too late to find a place in this issue. Do not worry; he will probably turn up all right.

M. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—Don't know anything about it. Will make inquiry, and, if successful, will notify you in this column.

E. P., Danville, Ill.—Received account of the affair you mention from another source. Have a good correspondent in your vicinity.

H. Von W., N. O., La.—Cannot make use of it. Have no desire to become parties to a private feud, which we judge the affair to be.

E. H. W., Leadville, Col.—Thanks for your kind offer. Any favor we can do in return in this part of the world for you will be gladly and cheerfully granted.

W. M., San Francisco, Cal.—Sketch tip-top. Will appear in next week's number. You can count on this for a certainty, and may notify your friends of the fact.

CARRIE, Elizabeth, Ind.—Don't try to fool old inhabitants. You are a "masculine man." If not, you sling a very bold quill, and you are strong-minded at that.

A FRIEND OF JUSTICE, Carson, Nev.—If you are what you claim, you should send your name as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot consider communications from anyone who hides behind a *nom de plume*. It isn't safe in the first place, and it isn't very manly in the correspondent who does it in the second.

T. T. C., Troy, N. Y.—1. You will find the best record of their lives on another page, with facts and figures, that has been published. It was written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE by one of the most reliable sporting editors in America. 2. It speaks for itself. If you believe, as you express it, that the "POLICE GAZETTE is the boss," why go one better and give it out loud to all your friends. We haven't half begun yet. And don't forget to tell them that it is published in New York, and has no connection with any other establishment, and that there is no other paper of its kind that will compare with it.

A NEW FIELD.

The recent murder of Charles De Young, of San Francisco, by young Kallloch, opens up a comparatively new and hitherto uncultivated field of resource for the aspiring young clergy of our republic. Young Kallloch is a regularly ordained minister of the gospel, and the fact of his being able to write "D. D." after his name seems to have inspired him with the belief that he was privileged not only to train men's souls in the way they should go, but also to dispose of them as it suited his pleasure. In this latest exploit, however, it would appear that he forgot the necessary measure of preparing his "parishoner's" soul for the place to which he proposed to send it.

The Reverend (?) Kallloch, senior, expresses the belief that this slight (!) transgression of his hopeful offspring will in no way impair his usefulness in the pulpit, but will, on the contrary, enhance his opportunities for doing good among men in his divine calling. While we may be allowed to suggest that this question will probably rest, in a certain degree, with the jury, we cannot for a moment doubt the sincerity of the opinion, as the career of the elder Kallloch himself fully attests it. Formerly a popular clergyman in the East, he evolved toward a broader and more liberal view of life by committing adultery. His new ideas not being appreciated by the highly-moral brothers and sisters of Boston, he migrated to the West, where he progressed still further by his endeavors to malign and blacken the characters of men and women of spotless reputation.

More recently, with a laudable intention of still further elevating his fellow-beings, Mr. Kallloch, *per se*, permitted himself to be elected Mayor of San Francisco by the satellites of the great uncrushed Dennis Kearney. His son has realized the acme of civilization and free thought (or action) by murder.

The question arises, Why is this thus? Why have so many shepherds of late left the fold to embark in new and somewhat hazardous enterprises? Is it because the pulpit is overstocked with suppressed and confined genius, or "is modern theology a failure, and the orthodox system played out?"

This is a question worthy of the attention of our most eminent divines, for the rapid strides made in the new departure are truly marvelous. It commenced with harmless and paternal kissing but a few brief moons since, and has already reached life-blood in several instances. We cannot but consider this a promising omen for our second centennial. How sweet is the contemplation of "our own dear pastor" indulging in osculatory pastime with his sweet young parishioners! To us it seems emblematic of all that is holiest and most innocent between the sexes, and the fact that the pastor is the possessor of a pure and chaste wife is a vulgar and altogether superfluous consideration.

Those clergymen who have been constrained by either of the above reasons to forsake the pulpit are fast taking to the rostrum, as the proper place for men who are so far ahead of their time (*vide* the gentleman from the Nutmeg State). It is but just that they should embrace such opportunities to state their grievances and vindicate their injured honor, while their intellect and eloquence cannot fail to convince the public that it is quite the proper thing that they should be in health and strength and coining money as the result of their crime, while the victim lives dishonored or sleeps in a forgotten grave.

We welcome them heartily as fellow-workers for the public weal, and by all means let the other discontented and ill-appreciated preachers "go and do likewise."

SEDUCTION A STATE PRISON OFFENSE

It cannot but impress itself very forcibly on the minds of all who take an interest in current history that the crime of seduction is becoming one of the most prevalent in the calendar of vice. The columns of the press bear eloquent witness to this fact, and supply food for very unpleasant reflections and conclusions. Carlyle has been charged with cynicism in asserting that the society of the present day is rotten; but a very casual consideration of the subject will convince candid thinkers that there is more truth than anything else in the assertion.

There seems to be a total absence of restraint in this particular branch of crime, and this fact suggests the theory that the laws relative thereto are inefficient and inadequate to its suppression. Certain it is that hitherto those guilty of the offense in this state and many others have not been deterred by the punishment imposed from repeating it again and finding any number of followers. Arrest and fine and forced marriage have been about the extent of the punishment, and these remedies are radically weak so far as justice or reparation is concerned. Weak, because they are not universal in their application to all classes. The rich man can easily pay fines and thus free himself from unpleasant complications. Not so with his impecunious fellow-sinner, although the offense is equally great in both. The latter is obliged to mate with his victim, however distaste-

ful she may be to him, and in the majority of cases deserts her at the first opportunity and thus lays the foundation for a life of misery and probable crime.

It has been reserved for the Legislature of Kentucky to take the initiative in devising effectual laws to curb this crime, and make its commission a serious matter. Its members with commendable judgment have noted how extensive are the evils which flow from inadequate restrictions upon the passions of unprincipled men, and during the past session have enacted a law which makes the seduction of any unmarried female of good repute under twenty-one years of age, under promise of marriage, felony, and fixes the punishment at from one to five years in the penitentiary.

There can be no question that, compared with the general laws of the different states, governing this matter, this is a wise measure. It meets all cases, giving to no class any advantage over another. It is high time that this question engaged the attention of all our law-makers, but it is not probable that it will until a higher code of morals is adopted among the class of which they claim to be ornaments.

Clarence Fitz William De Vere.

[Subject of Illustration.]

His most eminent nob, Clarence Fitz William De Vere, of Piccadilly, London, is in town, and, strange to say, has not succeeded in paralyzing to any great extent the rude barbarians of Manhattan with his dazzling style or aristocratic manners. Like many of his countrymen he had imagined before leaving home that once his patrician feet were on our soil business would be suspended and the whole populace, armed with bowie knives and revolvers, would gather to see how a genuine out-and-out, no-mistake swell from Lunnun really appeared when on his native heath. But the populace did not do anything of the kind, and Clarence has found himself forced to waste his sweetness on a very small circle of friends who find him a most excellent entertainer, willing to come down handsomely at all times and on all occasions for those little luxuries which are indispensable to men who do the "proper capah" about town. In fact Clarence is being played for a guy to the top of his conceit.

A few nights since he attended a theatre where a well-known company of dizzy females are doing a series of undress acts, and expressing a desire to get behind the scenes where he might show the dear girls a real specimen of beauty, and no mistake, was permitted to do so. Of course they admired him—they couldn't help it, and they expressed their admiration so eloquently that he was led to uncork several bottles of wine as a small tribute to their discrimination and taste. Frisky at all times, the "beauties" became a trifle more so under the inspiration of the ruby, and some remarkably high kicking and startling acrobatic feats were indulged in. One, more agile than the rest, actually presumed so far upon a short acquaintance as to turn a somersault and land her dainty continuations on his manly shoulders. "It was deuced awkward, you know," said Clarence when relating the occurrence to his friends, "and too dem'd familiar, you know, quite, on a short acquaintance." But such little episodes are of course to be expected among people who have no respect for the conventionalities of civilization, and Clarence Fitz William De Vere will probably be shocked again before he returns to the centre of perfection, yeelpet Piccadilly, Lunnun.

A FEMALE ASSASSIN.

What Came of Being Called a Liar—A Cool Murderess.

In Muddy Fork Township, Howard County, Ark., one day last week, Sarah Stokes, a girl aged eighteen years, stabbed and instantly killed Linda Stephens, aged twenty, daughter of W. P. Stephens, a magistrate. The two families are respectable and reside on adjoining farms. They have been neighbors and friends for many years. Some imprudent conduct of an elder sister of the murdered girl had been tattled about by Sarah, and retaliatory criticisms upon her own conduct coming to the ears of the latter, Sarah, accompanied by a married sister, rode up to Stephens' gate and engaged in an angry controversy with the mother of the offending Stephens girl, during which she called Mrs. Stephens a liar. Linda, another daughter, the offender being absent, took up the quarrel in behalf of her mother, and went to the gate. A few hot words passed between the two girls, and Linda climbed over the low fence which separated them. As she did so Miss Stokes drew from her riding skirt a long knife, and jumping from her horse dealt Miss Stephens a heavy blow in the neck. The point of the knife entering just above the collar bone and passing downward severed the carotid artery, jugular vein and windpipe, producing instant death. Miss Stokes then remounted her horse and started home. As she passed the field where Mr. Stephens was ploughing she called to him and told him she had killed his daughter. Stephens attempted to arrest her, but her father, who was at work in an adjacent field, prevented Stephens from touching her. Being informed of what had happened, Stokes told Stephens to take her into custody if he desired. Meantime the girl rode home. An inquest was held on the body of the dead girl, resulting in a verdict of death at the hands of Sarah Stokes. The murderess made no attempt to escape and is now undergoing preliminary examination. The defence claim that Miss Stephens had a large stone in her hand when she got over the fence and that Miss Stokes only acted in self-defence. It is claimed by the prosecution that she went around to Stephens' house for the express purpose of killing the sister of the deceased, with whom she was at enmity. Fortunately for her she happened to be absent on the morning of the killing.

PRECOCIOUS AND GIDDY.

For What Love Dare, that Dare Love Attempt—Young and Wilful—A Romeo and His Juliet—Matrimony as a Cloak For Sin.

Corning, N. Y., has been indulging in an elopement. On the night of Wednesday of last week a little girl, but one who possesses all of a woman's instincts, the fourteen-year old daughter of Mr. Rozell, a well-to-do farmer living three miles south of this village, stole from her father's house and was privately married to a young man of twenty-seven, the son of a neighbor. The facts of the case are substantially as follows:

Two years ago, when the girl was but twelve, George Ellison, the young man in question, bought of the girl's father a small, unimproved farm, and began clearing it of brush. This wild land lay between the house of Mr. Rozell and the district school house, and a path running through it was the girl's route to school, going alone to and from—as her father's house was somewhat isolated from neighbors.

It was noticed that the girl was late at school and late at home nights, and outsiders, acquainted with the circumstances, began to hint at an improper intimacy between the couple. In fact, it became generally known that the fellow had robbed the child, in years, of her virtue, yet no one, for a long time, had the heart to acquaint the parents of the indiscretions of the daughter.

This was kept up for a year or more, when an inkling of the current reports circulating in the neighborhood was borne to the parents' ears, and a hurricane of wrath was the result. The young man was summarily forbidden the house and the girl placed in strict surveillance. But Cupid, the ingenious little rogue, was too fruitful in expedients and clandestine meetings were planned and carried out to the complete satisfaction of the amorous couple. The young man, goaded on by the sarcasm of companions, openly avowed his determination to marry her on the first opportunity. Three times an elopement was planned and was unsuccessful, owing to the increasing watchfulness of the "pater familias." For a week before the successful attempt the girl had expressed and carried out a desire of sleeping in a front bedroom opening into the parlor and this in turn on to the porch. The father had taken care however that the doors were securely locked. On the night in question he had made his usual inspection of the door and retired to his room confident of his daughter's security.

At one o'clock the old gentleman was awakened by the slamming of a door. He jumped from bed and hastened out on the stoop to find the front door of the parlor wide open. An inspection of the back showed that it had been forced. He hastened to his daughter's room; it was empty, the bed undisturbed. Cupid had triumphed. It turned out the next day that the services of Justice Ricker had been secured, and the couple married at the residence of the young man's father at 11 o'clock. People, while despising the man for his conduct with the girl, can but admit that she is safer under the cloak that matrimony throws over her actions, but the parents are disconsolate, the father threatening vengeance dire on the young man.

DIDN'T HOLD OUT.

And the Wretch Wants to Compromise the Affair for Twenty-five Cents—She Wants \$10,000.

CADIZ, O., May 3.—The Court has been enlivened for some time back with a novel breach of promise suit. The parties in the case are Miss Rebecca Hoff, a maiden lady of forty, from North township, and Mr. John Thomas Heisler, a widower of thirty-six summers, from German township. Miss Hoff claims she has been damaged by Heisler to the extent of \$10,000 in his failure to fulfil an alleged marriage contract. The trouble commenced one evening in June of 1879, when Miss Hoff claims Heisler was introduced to her and the two sat up all night. It appears to have been a case of "mash at first sight," and although he didn't just get down on his knee and pop the question in the most approved style, he asked her, if a man should propose to marry her if she would join his church. This, on its face, could hardly be considered a proposal, but taken with the fact that he had his arms around her waist all night, even

GOING TO SLEEP

in that posture, it looks like he might have meant more than he said. The next morning the plaintiff's witnesses testify, Heisler had concluded to take out marriage permits and get spliced at once, but the bride, prospective, was not ready and preferred to wait a few weeks.

The next day after Heisler left, he received a letter from Miss H., as was requested—a love letter, as it were—stating that she had enjoyed herself ever so much the night he was there and that she had been lonely ever since, etc., etc. In reply he wrote a gushing epistle which he closed by saying,

"My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
My love for you will never fail!"

But alas, for human weakness! His affections died out as soon as made. It couldn't stand the

MEDDLING TONGUES OF NEIGHBORS.

as alleged, and in a few days he found another object for his affection. On the evening before his wedding, thinking there might be trouble, he called upon Miss Hoff to arrange a compromise. To effect this he offered her a new dress worth five dollars, or twenty-five cents cash down. This, she says, she considered as an insult, and replied that she would not only take that but a good deal more. Whether she will get any more or not will be decided by the jury, which is still out as we go to press.

The youth who attended the trial were much amused by the letters read. One especially, from the lady, was equal to a chapter from Naphey's Marriage Guide.

DEVILISH DALZELL.

An Occasion of Festivity Turned Into
One of Bloodshed and
Rioting.

A REGULAR OUT-AND-OUT CRANK.

What a Fit of Temper Led to, and
What it Cost.

A LONG-REMEMBERED SUNDAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The annual May Day festivities near Paterson, N. J., were on the 3d interrupted by a murder and the most serious riot that has ever occurred in that section of the country. The greatest uproar and excitement prevailed all through the day, and when near noon Sheriff Van Voorhies and Mayor Graham began the swearing in of a large number of men to be used as militia for the purpose of bringing relief to a platoon of police who, with the murderer in custody, were besieged in a house by a howling and infuriated mob, the streets of Paterson had the appearance they bore in the most exciting period of the war. The smoking ruins of the house and barn, which the mob had burned with a view to destroying its occupants, bore evidence to the feelings of the crowd. The scene of the usual May festivities, as well as of the murder and riot, was Garret Rock. On the first fair Sunday in May the larger part of the population of Paterson arises at about 3 A. M., and proceed to the summit of the highest rock in the chain of the Watchung Mountains, there to give a fitting welcome to spring. Neither the Floralia of the Romans, the Maypole of the Britons nor the Beltain Day of the Scots was ever celebrated with more enthusiasm.

These festivities, which are now observed by all classes in Paterson, owe their origin to German mythology. Tacitus speaks of them; and even to this day it is customary in most parts of the Fatherland for young and old to go to the fields on a fair day in May.

GATHER THE DEWS OF MORN,
which on that day are endowed with supernatural powers, and indulge in various sports, all classed under the name of "Maying." In Paterson these home customs were revived many years ago by the local German singing societies, and even to this day is the management of the festivities intrusted to them. Facing the city of Paterson is a large rock, a part of a ridge of mountains. The mountain itself was formerly called First Mountain, from the fact that it is the first spot of land seen from a vessel approaching New York harbor. It has the appearance of an immense slab hundreds of feet in width and height, and derived its name of Garret from the fact that about the year 1835 a man named Garret fell down its precipitous side and was dashed to pieces on the crags below. Several years after that a band of outlaws planted their flag on the rocks and for a long time bade defiance to the law. Since then the dense woods of stately pines have been the rendezvous of tramps and robbers, and few persons dare to penetrate their depths unless prepared for a hostile encounter. On the morning in question everything, however, seemed to be peaceful, and the time and place seemed to be consecrated to poetry and music. Shortly after 3 o'clock the various societies—the Arion, the Germania, the Gruetli Maennerchor, the LaSalle Maennerchor, the Quartet Club, the Double Quartet, the Helvetia, the Schillerbund and a brass and string band arrived. Fully three thousand people were present to hail the rising of the sun. The festivities were at their height when at about 7 o'clock the merriment was interrupted by the discharge of a musket, and

THE DYING SHRIEK OF A YOUNG MAN,
and the immense throng gathered on a green pasture ground a little to the left of the rock. The cause of the trouble was soon ascertained. William Dalzell, a notorious desperado, had shot and killed Joseph Van Houten, a young carpenter, who, in company with his betrothed, had come to welcome the advent of May. It appears that a man named Johnson owned a small piece of pasture, on which there was a house and barn. This had been let to Dalzell, who in company with his son, had threatened to kill anybody who stepped on the turf. The field not being enclosed was soon encroached upon by the crowd. Dalzell picked up a stone and threw it at a boy, striking him in the back and wounding him quite severely. In the meantime a number of gentlemen and ladies were crossing the field at another point. Young Dalzell told them to keep off in rather rough language, and as they did not heed him he struck the young man Joseph Van Houten in the face with his fist and followed it up with a blow with a club. Young Dalzell and Van Houten then clinched and a rough and tumble fight ensued. The older Dalzell was in the meantime frightening others off the field by pointing a large double-barrelled gun at them. Seeing the fight between his son and Van Houten he rushed up and discharged the contents of one barrel at Van Houten, and followed this up by discharging the other barrel into the crowd. The shot struck Van Houten in the stomach; he arose, reeled and with a cry fell to the ground dead, his entrails protruding from the ghastly wound. The crowd scattered and the two Dalzells retreated to the house. This was untenanted, the Dalzells residing in the city of Paterson. Soon the crowd again assembled, when it was found that the results were worse than at first sus-

pected. Parts of the charge of the second shot had entered the face and forehead of Joseph Murphy, who stood near Van Houten, disfiguring him in a frightful manner. Another man had been shot in the back, another displayed a lacerated hand and a young lady received a number of shot in the left leg.

TURNING UPON THE DESPERADO.

Soon the wildest excitement prevailed. The ladies and less courageous men fled from the scene in all directions, and many were the bruises received in the anxious endeavors of the larger part of the crowd to leave the mountain. A number of men had, however, gathered at the bloody scene, and but one feeling seemed to exist, and that was that Dalzell should expiate his crime then and there. As the crowd increased the fury augmented, and soon an advance was made on the house. A few little girls who unconsciously had wandered near it were ordered back by Dalzell, and as they did not at once retreat he fired at them, doing, however, very little injury. Dalzell then reloaded his gun and fired several shots into the crowd, which, however, remained at a distance. The house, situated on an eminence, commanded the situation, and so for some time the crowd satisfied itself with surrounding the place to prevent the man's escape. Soon, however, a detachment proceeded to the barn and set fire to it. The wind was blowing directly toward the house, and the situation of the Dalzells was becoming truly critical. The barn, with its contents of live stock, was soon destroyed. The pigpen, with its squealing porkers, followed, and soon the fire was communicated to the house. The progress of the flames was welcomed with enthusiastic cheers by the dense crowd, and when the roof of the house caught fire a roar of delight ascended. At this moment a number of constables and police arrived, Dalzell yelled to them and they rushed to the house. Taking advantage of the dense smoke which enveloped the house on one side, the constabulary and the Dalzells left the house, but soon the crowd saw them crossing a neighboring field and at once started in hot pursuit, catching up with them near a house. A hot fight ensued, in which the Dalzells and the police were badly beaten with stones and fists, but finally succeeded in gaining the house and closing the door against the mob. The house they had left was soon in ruins. A long rope, with a noose attached, which had been thrown over a branch of a tree, was removed and taken to a tree in the sight of the house in which the Dalzells were now confined. After a siege of several hours, during which the mob made several ineffectual attempts to force the doors, being beaten by the clubs of the police and constables, another detachment of the latter arrived and gained admission to the house. A sortie was determined upon, and the police, with the Dalzells in the centre, left the house and ran toward another house not far distant. A ferocious yell from the crowd was the signal for another attack, and soon a regular battle ensued. At one time the crowd succeeded in seizing Dalzell, and they were carrying him in triumph, amid shouts and loud vociferations, to the tree on which the noose had been placed, when the police made a bold charge, and by the free use of pistols and clubs succeeded in again obtaining possession of their prisoner and in gaining the third house. This was at once surrounded by the mob, determined that Dalzell

SHOULD NOT ESCAPE FROM THEM.

As a large portion of the mob consisted of Irish and German Catholics, it was deemed expedient to call on the Catholic clergy. Rev. William McNulty arrived at the scene about two o'clock in the afternoon and exhorted the mob to allow the incarceration of the prisoner. Mayor Graham also addressed them, and both were listened to attentively, no disrespect being shown them. While the attention of the crowd was thus distracted, and after most of them had gathered around the speakers, Sheriff Van Voorhies took the prisoner from the house by the rear entrance. The police and special constables had, however, not proceeded ten paces before three of the mob who had remained to watch that side of the house discovered them and with a savage whoop at once proceeded to the attack. The whole mob soon followed and left the speakers to themselves. Sheriff Van Voorhies had, however, already hustled the prisoner into the coach in which Rev. Mr. McNulty had arrived, and the horses were whipped to the top of their speed. To protect the prisoner from stoning the priest mounted the top of the vehicle and stood there for some time. The howling mob followed, some catching up with the coach and clambering up its sides or hanging on the springs. They were, however, beaten off by the Sheriff and coachman and the coach soon distanced the mob and was rapidly driven in the direction of the Essex county Penitentiary, at Caldwell. The infuriated crowd, nearly frenzied by the disappearance of their prey, thinking that Dalzell would be taken to the jail or lock-up at once proceeded to those places and created a general uproar in the city. When it was reported that he had been taken to Caldwell a number at once started for that place. Where Dalzell really was hidden was known only to the authorities, the story of his being taken to Caldwell being discredited on account of the evident anxiety of the authorities relative to the arrival of the military and from the fact that they had telegraphed to Governor McClellan for more help. At Newark, General Plume had several companies ready to move at a moment's notice; but the order for the militia was countermanded.

DALZELL'S DEFENCE.

The truth was that he had been taken to Newark, where he arrived at noon, and was taken to the First precinct station house in the rear of the City Hall. To Sheriff Van Voorhies, Detective Degnan and Constable Reilly, who accompanied him, he gave the following version of the tragic occurrence in the morning: At about six o'clock in the morning, he started from his house to visit what he calls his upper farm, which is situated near Garret Rock, about a mile from his city property. His chief design was to examine the condition of the fences. Upon arriving at the farm he felt tired, and lay down under the cedars. Soon the Maying party came along. Accompanying

the Germans were a number of loafers and hangers-on. Dalzell made no objection to the party using his grounds, but when the roughs began to break down his fences and otherwise make themselves disagreeable he remonstrated with them. They answered him with scoffs and jeers and abusive epithets. Finally they began to throw stones at him. By this time his son, a young man twenty-two years of age, appeared on the scene. Naturally he sided with his father, and with him became the object of jeers and stones from the loafers. One of the stones struck the elder Dalzell in the face while he leaned against a fence. It knocked him over and at the same time accidentally discharged one chamber of the double-barrelled gun which he held in his hand. Its contents entered the groin of Edward Van Houten, killing him almost instantly. The crowd then made a rush for the Dalzells, who took shelter in the empty house, and there, until a few officers arrived, he held every one at bay, threatening to shoot the first man that attempted to enter. A storm of stones rattled about the place. Some of the besiegers succeeded in setting fire to it and the Dalzells and officers had to seek another house. At length Sheriff Van Voorhies appeared with a coach and succeeded in rescuing the prisoner.

THE MURDERER.

William Dalzell is perhaps the most desperate character in Paterson. He is about sixty years of age, and has spent the greater part of his life in strife. Of a violent temper, he has been repeatedly before the courts for attempts at murder, but has never suffered the penalty of his violence. Only lately he hurled a five-pound weight at a man, striking him in the head so that for some time his life was despaired of. Such was his character for quarrelling that most of the residents of Paterson were in dread of him and none expected to see him die except "with his boots on." A violent Orangeman, it was his particular delight to revile the Pope, the Irish and Americans when in presence of Catholics, Irishmen or native born citizens, and he figured conspicuously in many a fight in consequence. Despised by most of his fellow-townsmen, he seemed to glory in their hatred. While the siege was in progress, many of the most prominent citizens of Paterson expressed a desire to see the crowd successful in its attempts at lynching, and this hope was freely expressed in the streets. Dalzell was everywhere denounced as a worthless bully who well merited the punishment the crowd desired to impose upon him.

His trial will take place soon, and nothing can prevent him from meeting with the penalty.

DON'T HANG AROUND

The Back Yard After Dark Looking
after Pretty Girls—Mr. Ashwood's
Adventure.

Among the prisoners brought before acting Mayor O'Donnell of Pittsburgh, Pa., one morning last week for a hearing was one Thomas Ashwood, a well-dressed, fine-looking man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. A number of witnesses were called to tell what they knew about him and his offense. He was charged with having acted in a suspicious manner in the back yard of Mrs. Balmfield's house, on Twenty-second street, between 8 and 9 the previous night. Mrs. Balmfield happened out in the yard, and, supposing him to be laying a plot to rob them, called in a policeman, who landed him safely in the Twelfth Ward lockup.

Present at the hearing was a nobby little belle named Mary Colter, aged, according to her own statement, nineteen years. When asked to tell what she knew about the case she related that she was a niece of Mrs. Balmfield, having come to her house about two months ago from Lockport, in the State of New York, where she had served at the prisoner's house as a domestic. Ashwood lived in style there, was fascinating and all that, and since she came here she had been corresponding with him. Her aunt, however, had taken possession of the letters and reduced them in the stove. She said her home was in Toronto, Canada, and that her father was one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of that place, but she didn't explain how she came to leave home. She supposed that Ashwood was here to see her, and thought he had no intention of committing larceny. The captive was given a chance to tell what he knew about himself, and corroborated what the girl said. He said that the girl was so badly abused by her father—her mother being dead—that she left home and strayed to Lockport, and, on meeting her, he was so favorably impressed with her that he employed her as a servant girl. He found out where she lived in Pittsburgh, and had come to take her back with him; that was his object in visiting her aunt's house last night.

As no evidence could be brought to indicate that Ashwood was a burglar, he was released.

It is said that he is a married man, and has a family in Lockport. Why he came here to take away the girl he left unexplained; but there is undoubtedly a sensation in the background.

So Much For Buckingham.

Mrs. Kate E. Pettit, wife of William B. Pettit, who is well known in hotel and base-ball circles, has been granted an absolute divorce, with \$300 per annum alimony, at Indianapolis, Ind., on proof of the adulterous intercourse of her husband with Fannie Louise Buckingham, alias Fannie Ward, alias Sarah J. Ward, the actress who starred with James Melville as "Ma-zappa."

The suit was brought quietly in the Circuit Court and no defence was offered. The parties were married in January, 1869, at Cleveland. The intimacy between Pettit and the Buckingham woman began several years ago, but it only quite recently came to the knowledge of the plaintiff and to Pettit's friends. It is a matter of surprise that the announcement came not sooner, for his foolish infatuation has long been known to them, and every means possible has been taken to persuade him to a different course. It is also a matter of great regret.

LOVED BY THE LADIES

And Hung by the Men—All Because
He Was Jealous—An Exciting Execu-
tion.

Lucien Notsinger was hanged at Gainesville, Texas, on May 1st, for the murder of Willis Cline on the night of August 7, 1878. The culprit ascended the scaffold at 4 P. M., amid murmurings of sympathy. Ten thousand people were present. As the sheriff was adjusting the rope to the beam an ineffectual effort to cut it was made by a desperado. The mutterings of the crowd grew louder and louder, until they swelled into a perfect storm, demanding his release. With cries of "Turn him loose," a rush was made for the gallows, which was stayed by the sheriff and his deputies with shotguns and pistols. The crowd was stampeded, and women and children were run over by men, vehicles, and horses rushing to the rear. Quiet being restored, the prisoner addressed the excited multitude, protesting for the first time his innocence. A second attempt at rescue was made, and again prevented by the authorities. The noose was then placed about Notsinger's neck, the black cap drawn over his head, and his arms and feet pinioned. At 4:25 he was swung into eternity, dying in nine minutes. The body was turned over to his father for burial at his home in Virginia.

Lucien Notsinger was born in Virginia about thirty years ago. He came to Texas since the war, and settled in Denton county. No navy six ever hung threateningly around his waist, no spurs jingled as he meekly walked up the aisle of the country church, no son-of-a-bravo with a snake band around it ever shadowed

HIS FINELY-SHAPED FOREHEAD.

A stranger, but an attractive one, he procured a situation in a dry goods store in Dexter. For a time he had only one idea—strict attention to his employer's business and setting an example of piety for the rest of the world. Faithful and honest in his transactions, he attracted and retained the custom of the men. Pious, neat, and meek, he gained the esteem of the female part of the population, until he became the standard to gauge all other men by. Among the rustic beauties was one who attracted his particular attention. She was at first cold and indifferent, but he pressed his suit at all times, and she at length promised to be his wife. Afterward she not only changed her mind, but deliberately married a young farmer by the name of Cline. Notsinger for a while concealed his chagrin, but as time rolled on his mortification found expression, and he often swore to his comrades that the treasure that Cline held should not be long retained by him. The night of August 7, 1878, was so insufferably hot that Mr. and Mrs. Cline went out on the porch of their country house to get the benefit of the southern breeze that came across the broad prairies. Late in the night Mrs. Cline was awakened by the report of a gun. Frightened, she called to her husband, but received no answer. Reaching over to awaken him, she placed her hands in something warm and damp. It was her husband's blood and brains. Giving the alarm, an examination showed that some one had crept up to the porch, and with a shotgun, had literally

BLOWED OFF THE HEAD

of Cline. A piece of gun wadding—loose paper—was found where the shot was fired. It was a part of a paper bag used by grocers, and part of the name of Notsinger's employer on it. Suspicion was immediately attached to him. The paper sacks in the store were examined, and the one from which he tore the wadding was discovered. This fact, with the threats made by Notsinger, led to his arrest. Another man named Gardner was also arrested. Suspicion attached to him from the fact that on the night of the murder two horses were hired by him, and they were tracked to the scene of the tragedy. Another young man then stepped forth and said that Notsinger had asked him to go with him to the house of Cline and witness the murder. This modest request was refused. Notsinger then offered to pay the young man for his company. This was also refused. Both Notsinger and Gardner were indicted for the murder. The punishment for murder in the first degree under the law in force at the time the murder was committed was death. At the time of their trial the statute had been changed, and it was left discretionary with the jury to affix the punishment at death or imprisonment for life. When the defendants were arraigned they were asked, as the law required, which statute they desired to be tried under. Gardner selected the new statute, and the jury assessed his punishment at confinement in the penitentiary for life. But Notsinger requested to be tried under the old law, stating that if convicted he desired to be hanged rather than be sent to the penitentiary for life. His request was granted, and the jury assessed his punishment at death. Both appealed their cases, and both sentences were affirmed; but before the walls of the penitentiary were seen by Gardner death released him. Notsinger had never denied his guilt until on the gallows. From morning until night he has paced backward and forward in his cell. Much sympathy has been felt for him, and the ladies, far and near, have made the gloom of his cage bright with flowers, and tried to reconcile him to his impending fate by untiring gifts of delicacies and words of sympathy.

Absent Minded.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A whole churchful of women were almost dying with envy the other day, at Bridgeport, Conn. One of the female members came in with two hats on her head, having forgotten that she had put one on, and donned another. The rest thought it was the latest fashion, and were mad as hops because they hadn't bought theirs.



MRS. HOTCHKISS, RECENTLY ON TRIAL AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., ON A CHARGE OF POISONING HER HUSBAND.

Was He Poisoned?

[With Portraits.]

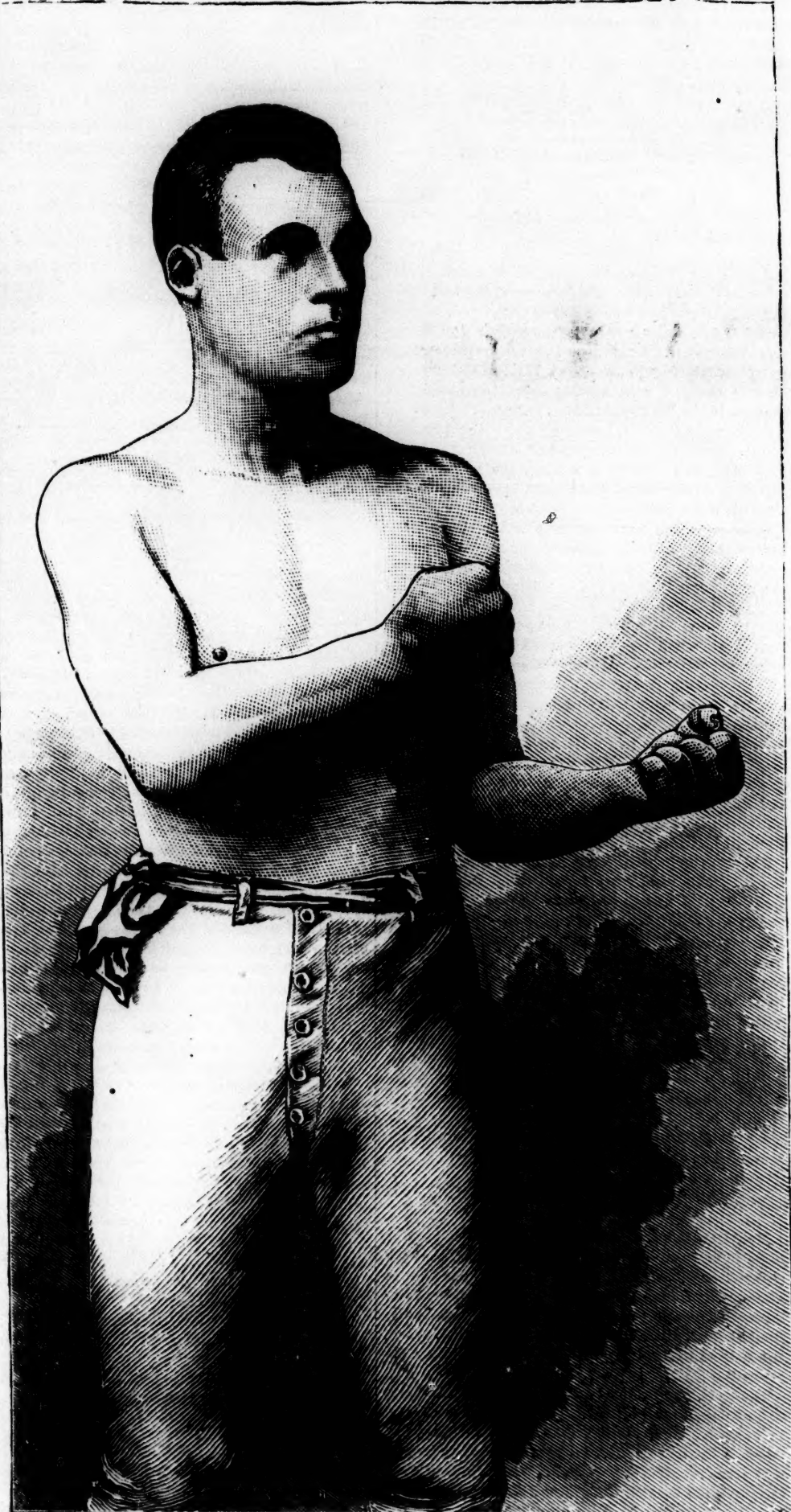
In the fall of 1867 and for some time previous, George C. Hotchkiss, with the defendant, his wife, was living in the village of Youngstown, and to all appearances was prosperous and contented, in robust health, and a man of good habits. About the 25th of November, during the absence of Mrs. Hotchkiss from home, her husband was taken with a bilious fever, and a relation of his living at Wilson brought Dr. Smith

of Lewiston to his bedside, and remedies were prescribed by the physician. Dr. Smith attended him several times and he eventually recovered. Just at that time Mrs. Hotchkiss returned home, and meeting Dr. Smith at the house, introduced Dr. Wilson, who was with her, and gave him to understand that Dr. Wilson was the family physician and in future would give what medical attendance was necessary. On the night of December 22nd a neighbor named Mr. Steele was aroused about ten o'clock by the son of Mr. Hotchkiss, who said his father was dying. Mr. Steele went over to the house and found Mr. Hotchkiss in a stupor and unable to recognize any one. He remained with him almost continually up to the hour of his death, but was not allowed by Mrs. Hotchkiss to administer any medicines prescribed by Dr. Wilson, she occupying a room adjoining that in which her husband lay and giving him everything he required. His condition remained unchanged until the morning of December 24th, when he died. Mrs. Hotchkiss was on trial at Lockport, N. Y., during the past week, and the prosecution tried to prove that the symptoms exhibited by him during his illness were the same as those produced by arsenical poisoning. Another striking peculiarity which they tried to develop was that the only persons who were in the house during those days were Mr. Steele, Mrs. Hotchkiss, her son and her father, and that the only doctor called was Dr. Wilson. Further, that after the death of Mr. Hotchkiss his wife removed to Buffalo with her father and son and that the young man subsequently died under equally suspicious circumstances. The prosecution were unable to say why this investigation had been delayed so many years. The attention of the authorities was not called to the case until nearly a year ago when the body of Mr. Hotchkiss was exhumed, parts of it subsequently analyzed carefully, and unmistakable evidences of arsenic discovered, though a period of twelve years have elapsed since the death of Mr. Hotchkiss. He was not possessed of any property, but his son had inherited the sum of \$40,000 by the will of a deceased uncle. The theory of the prosecution was that an improper intimacy had existed between Mrs. Hotchkiss and Dr. Wilson, and they concocted a plan to poison her husband, get him out of the way and then dispose of the son. The father and son both died, and it would be shown that the conduct of both of the accused had not been such, even up to the present time, as should exist between a virtuous man and woman. The evidence on this would be competent as bearing upon the motive which prompted the commission of the crime. It was born of the illicit passion that had taken possession of them. They failed, however, to make out a case against the accused woman. A *nolle proes* was entered in the case of Dr. Wilson, the evidence not being sufficient to hold him.

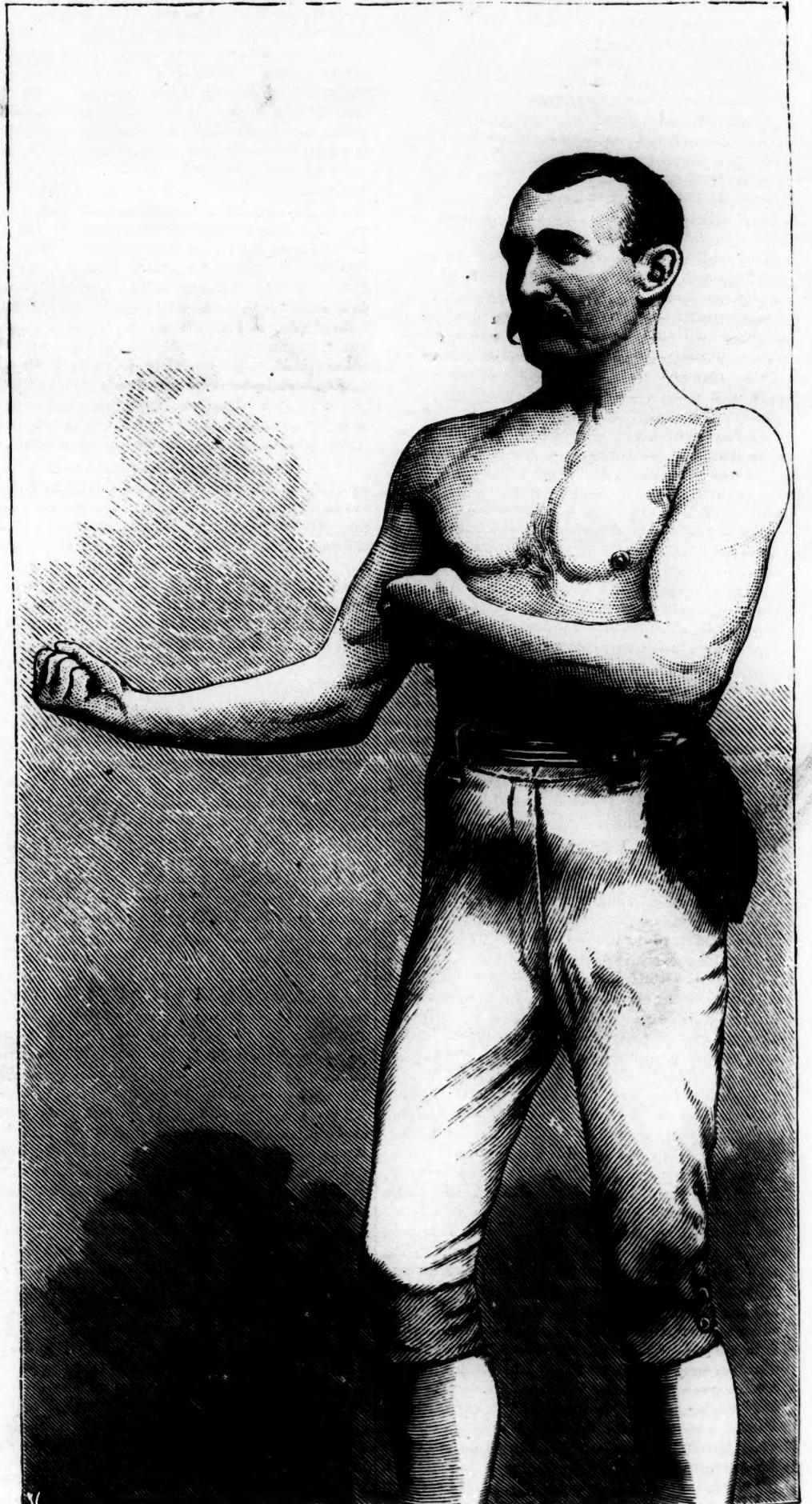


DR. WILSON, ACCUSED OF BEING AN ACCOMPLICE WITH MRS. HOTCHKISS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 3.—This morning, upon opening the Citizens' Bank, the cashier discovered that the vault had been entered. The entrance was effected by the cellar of the house in which the bank is situated. The house has been unoccupied for several weeks, and burglars had all day Sunday, beside Saturday and Sunday night, to work unmolested. They did not get into the main safe, but found a box containing \$499, and a package containing \$19,500 in bonds. Ten thousand dollars of the bonds belong to Mrs. O. S. Brent, of Paris, and the rest—\$9,500—are the property of Mrs. John Marshall, of Covington.



GEORGE ROOKE.



MIKE DONOVAN.

PRINCIPALS IN THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION PRIZE FIGHT; \$2,000 A SIDE—TO TAKE PLACE MAY 11.—PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE BY J. WOOD, 208 BOWERY.—SEE PAGE 11 FOR A FULL ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES AND RECORDS.

GET THEE TO A NUNNERY.

Irving, the Actor, Wishes his Wife would do Something of this Sort—And She Would Like Him to go Further.

A divorce case will shortly come up in the English courts which is quite certain to arouse a considerable interest in America as well as in England. It is perhaps not very generally known that Mr. Henry Irving, the celebrated English tragedian, was married some fifteen or sixteen years ago to Miss Florence O'Callaghan, an Irish lady of a good old family. At the time of his marriage Mr. Irving was in a comparatively humble position. He had made no reputation as an actor, and was regarded by the family and relatives of his bride as but little better than a strolling player. They strongly objected to the match, not because they disliked Mr. Irving personally, but because he was an actor. The young lady was romantic and high spirited. The opposition which she met with from her friends and relations only seemed to make her more resolute, and she became the wife of the actor, who has since won his way to the highest rank in his profession. For a time all went well, but when the romance of the affair was over the young lady concluded that she had made a mistake. Perhaps Mr. Irving came to the same conclusion, for it is said that the lady possessed a fiery temper and a very jealous disposition. While Petruchio tamed his Kate by smashing the chairs and china Mr. Irving does not seem to have followed that example, but for a while, no doubt, expected to attain matrimonial felicity by less violent means.

AN ILL-MATCHED PAIR.

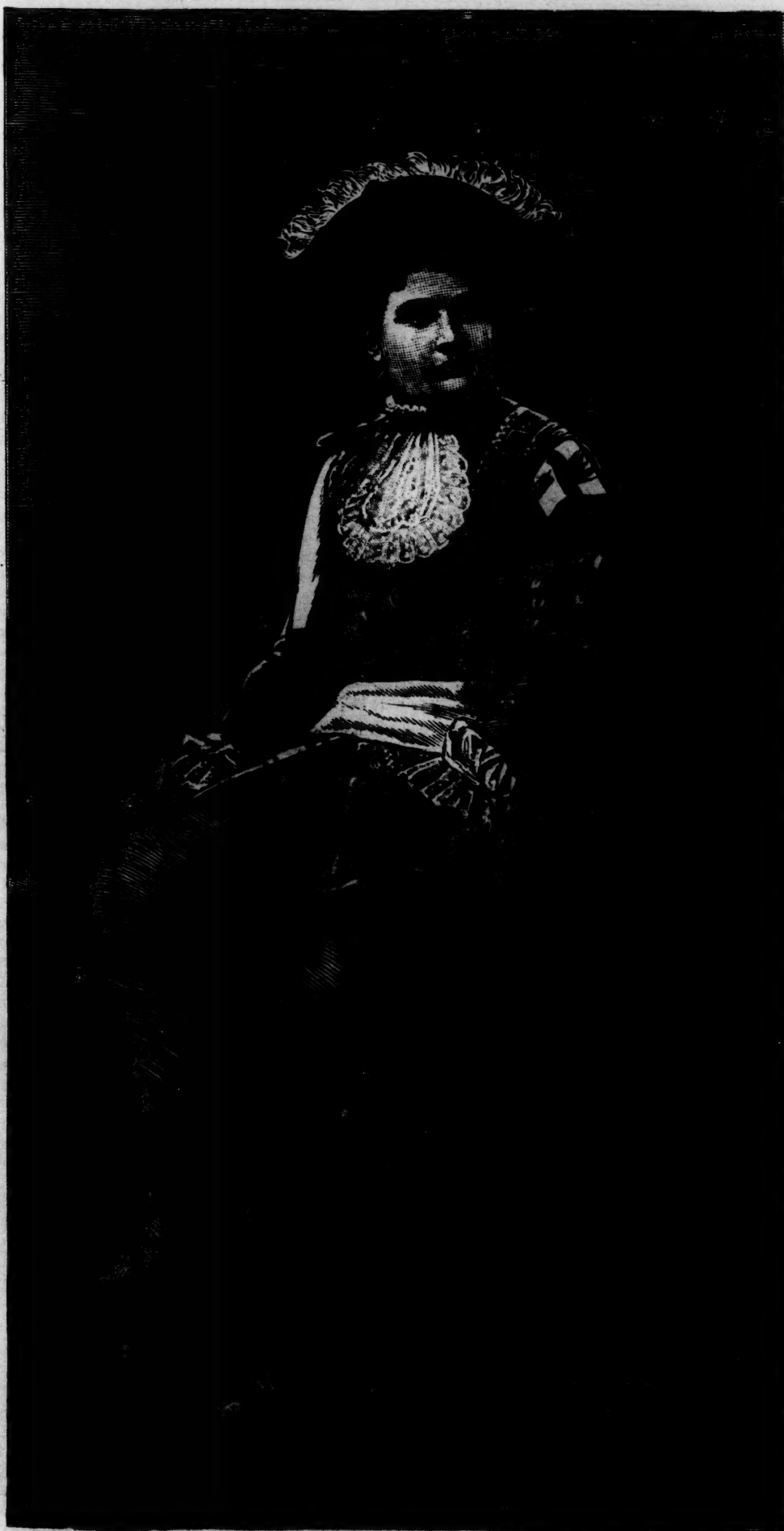
It would appear that no two persons could have been more unsuited to each other than were this pair. She was a dashing and very attractive lady, fond of society and attention. He was moody, reserved, absorbed in thought, and even in private life a very Hamlet. She has been known to say that she could get nothing out of her husband unless he was acting. He seemed to care more for his books and his studies than for his wife, and her imperious temper could not long submit to such neglect without remonstrance. Disagreements finally culminated in separation by mutual consent. Mrs. Irving returned to her friends in Ireland, and she soon found some relief from her conjugal disappointments in the gaiety of fashionable society. During all these years they have not lived entirely apart from each other, for reconciliations have taken place from time to time, only to be followed by further estrangement. It is said that for years Mrs. Irving has endeavored to find some cause of complaint against her husband with the view of obtaining a divorce. In Chicago she might have had one long ago on account of incompatibility of temper, but in England the laws are more strict, and graver charges, of infidelity or cruelty, must be preferred. However, she thinks she can now make out a case, and her father, it is said, will find the money. If it be true that she is jealous of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Irving's great patroness and friend, it is almost a matter for

JEERS AND LAUGHTER.

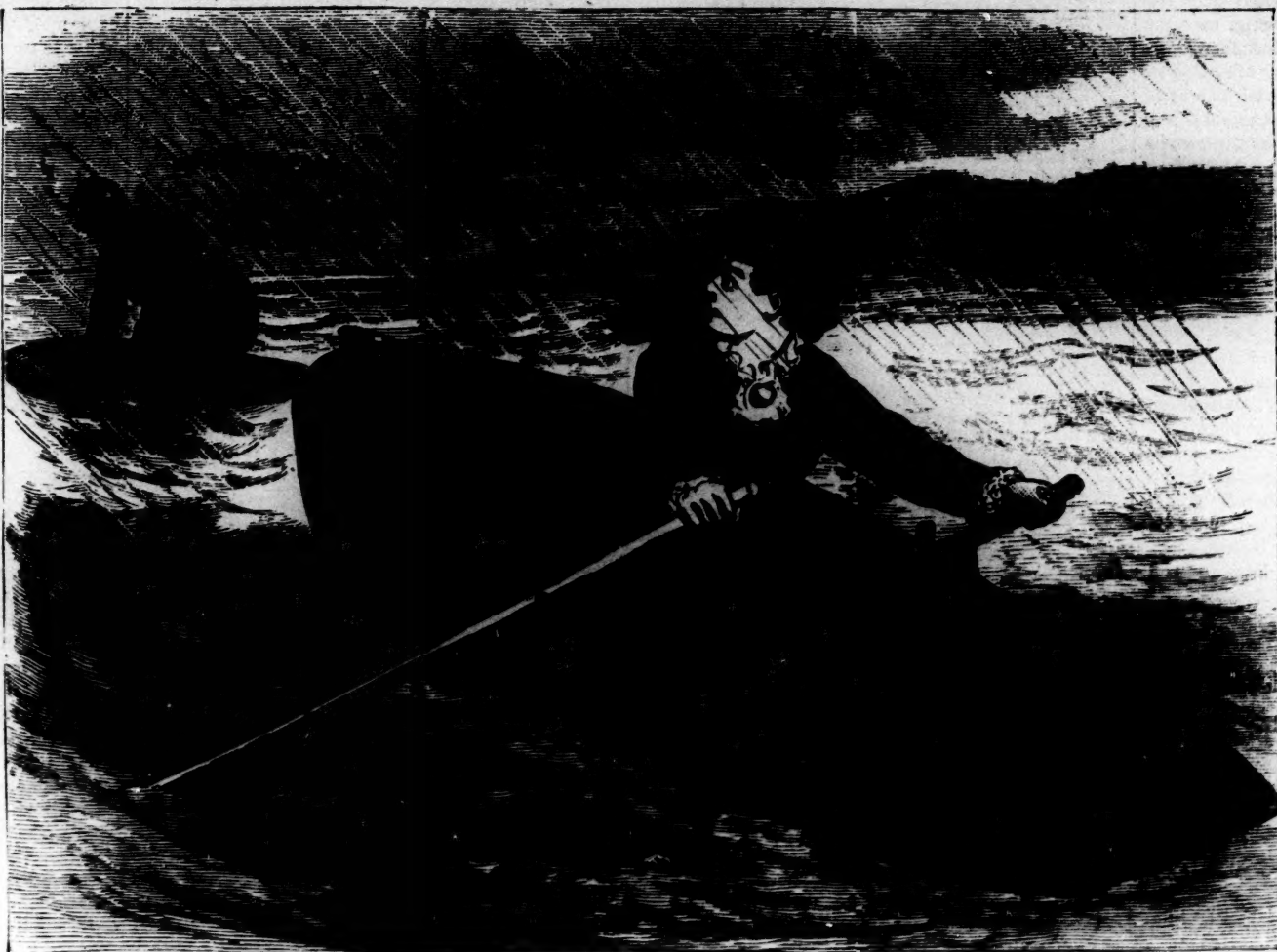
for the Baroness is a lady of unsullied reputation and immense wealth, and although she has of late taken the liveliest interest in Mr. Irving's career at the Lyceum Theatre (in his wonderful revival of the Shakespearian drama), and has been his main stay during his successful struggle for fame and popularity, the idea that she has given any cause for disagreement between husband and wife by her devotion to one whom she is proud to acknowledge as her friend should be scouted at once. It is true that last summer Mr. Irving accompanied the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her friends on a cruise of her yacht in the Mediterranean. Mr. Irving was at that time much in need of recreation on account of his arduous professional labors during the season, and it may be said that the Baroness by so doing, deserved the thanks of the public, for Mr. Irving has never played so well as since returning from that trip.

"It Serves Him Right."

The trial of J. W. Wade, indicted with the widow for the murder of J. G. Brown on the 3d of last February, closed at Indianapolis, April 29, after occupying nearly two weeks of the time of the criminal court. It was about noon when the jury retired, and, contrary to general expectation, they deliberated for eight hours before agreeing upon a verdict. When it was reported there was an immense crowd in attendance, the room not being able to hold the people. Not since the Clem trial has any case attracted as much interest as centered about this. The verdict was guilty, fixing the punishment at death. Wade heard his doom without moving a muscle or a tremor of the body. He was cool and collected, and, turning to his attorneys, said: "I don't see how they could have found that verdict with such testimony as they had before them." On the way to jail he remarked: "Well, it's unjust. I didn't expect it, but I've lived in the country all my life, and I shall abide by its laws." As he entered the jail he remarked to the prisoners: "Well boys, they gave it to me," and then went directly to his cell, and apparently to sleep. When the news was conveyed to Mrs. Brown,



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MRS. JENNY GROSS, LEADING LADY OF THE CARL THEATRE, VIENNA.



A ROMANTIC RESCUE—A YOUNG LADY BRAVES THE PERILS OF THE SEA AND SAVES HER LOVER FROM DROWNING, THE LATTER'S BOAT HAVING BEEN OVERTURNED BY A STORM; LEESBURY, FLA.

his paramour and co-defendant, whose trial will occur next month, she said, emphatically: "It serves him right. He gets what he deserves. He has kept me from my children and he ought to die." It is understood that delay in returning the verdict was occasioned by efforts of two jurymen to secure a life sentence instead of hanging. The verdict was a surprise to many, who imagined that the jury would agree to a long term of imprisonment. It is the general expression that Mrs. Brown should hang too, as she is considered the guiltier of the two.

COINCIDENT HORRORS.

An Indiana Man Dies in a Terrible Delirium, and His Mistress is Stricken Dead by Lightning.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NANEVILLE, Ind., May 3.—Brown county now comes to the front with another sensation, which is at once sad and somewhat romantic. The principal characters in this strange sensation are Nelson Root, formerly of Ohio, and Mary Fleetwood, his mistress, both of whom met their deaths in a very strange manner and almost instantaneously. The facts of the case are as follows:

Mr. Root was foreman in McGregor's stove yards, the largest in Southern Indiana, situated at a little place called Schooner, not far from here. He occupied a little hovel in this isolated spot with no companion but a half-grown boy, though he has a wife and children in Ohio. His alleged paramour, Mary, occupied a similar hut, not far distant from his, and it was her usual custom to go over to his house every few days and

SPEND THE NIGHT.

Root has always been a hard drinker, and a few weeks previous to his death he had been drinking excessively and was finally overcome by delirium tremens until he was almost a raving maniac. He attempted to butcher the boy who lived with him, and kept crying for help; said that armed men were trying to murder him. He started for the woods, and as soon as he was missing a search was made, and three days passed before he was found. He had wandered through the lonely woods into a deep ravine, where he was discovered sitting on the wet ground beside a deep hole about the size dug for a man's grave, which he had scooped out, and in which he had probably intended to bury himself. He had his hands and mouth full of moss and rubbish on which he had been feeding. He was taken back to his hut, but all efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing. He died in a few hours.

IN GREAT AGONY.

On the evening of his death, his paramour, Mary, not knowing what had happened, came over as was her custom, and, finding him dead, broke out into long wails of anguish and grief, and kept it up until she reached her house. The strange part of the case is, just as she reached her own door she was struck by a bolt of lightning and killed. Another woman of the same stripe, who lived with her, was injured seriously in the arm. This ended the lives of two unfortunate, misguided wretches. Root's remains were taken to Ohio for interment, with not a single kind dying word or request to comfort the family at home. The affair has caused quite a stir and excitement among the natives of that isolated and lonesome spot.

Rescued by His Sweetheart.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A romantic rescue is reported by the Leesbury, Fla., Advertiser: An ardent lover boarded his frail bark last week on Lake Eustis to visit his heart's idol. The young lady stood upon the veranda watching his approach. She saw, too, a dark cloud rising in the southeast. Soon the angry-looking clouds overspread the blue canopy of heaven, the wind rapidly increased to a storm, and seeing her lover's danger she bravely entered a boat to go to his rescue. As she pushed out from the shore she saw his boat make a lunge, as if maddened by the resistance of the waves and wind, and go over. No time was to be lost; the danger ahead seemed to give her the strength the desperate occasion required, and after rowing for a mile against wind and tide she reached the disaster, took her lover on board, whom she found perched upon the upturned boat, and rowed back to shore.

Nine Murders.

The heroic prevails in the drama of the west, even among amateurs, and what is lost in style is made up in action. The kitchen of the Bon-Ton lodging-house in Bodie, Cal., witnessed an amateur performance of thrilling interest. There was a critical audience present when the curtain, a horse-blanket, was drawn aside. The piece was "Deadwood Bill; or, The Roaring Waterspout of the Rocky Mountains," and it opened with a fight between Bill and Pete Dickson, the terror from Tar Flat, for the possession of a lovely maiden, who was seated in a stage-coach, personated by a dry-goods box. The fight was long and desperate, and brought into play all the knives and pistols the actors could borrow. Of course, Bill whipped. There were nine murders in the first act, and in the second four stages were robbed and a band of Indians routed. The piece was a great success.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Among the Frail and Fair in the City of Tricks and Trickery.

GRACE TULLY'S DIAMOND RING.

Jessie Still Hovers Near Where Her Unfaithful Ben Abideth.

DETECTIVES AS OBSTRUCTORS.

[With Portrait.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

The number of scandals which have occurred at the various Washington assignation houses during the past year have resulted in serious injury to the business of those places. A government office girl no longer dares to meet her "influence" at Mrs. Adkins, or Madame Russell's assignation house, knowing that they are nightly watched by government detectives, but entering a closed carriage she drives to Madeline Sinclair's house, where she soon rejoices in the arms of the loved Congressman.

Moreover, as Madeline is on the best of terms with the police authorities, the dangers of a raid are far less at her abode than at either of the assignation houses mentioned.

That part of Washington, just north of the classic precinct known as the "Division," and embraced in the savory region called Penn Row, has been greatly disturbed over a little diamond transaction which is the topic of conversation among the flashy men and "doves" of those localities. A Mr. Jones, having made considerable money in the lager beer business, bethought himself to do the generous thing by presenting Miss Grace Tully with a handsome diamond ring worth \$250. Miss Grace was so highly elated with her present, that she exhibited it in the presence of a Mr. Starr, who was so much impressed with the sparkles, that he borrowed them for a few days "to see how they would appear on the fingers of his *inamorata*," the frail Madeline Sinclair, who occupies a brick cottage just to the rear of the National Republican office.

Madeline admired the gems so much that she was loth to give them up, and the result was, that Mr. Jones, as the next best friend of Miss Grace Tully, brought suit against Starr for the ring, and recovered a judgment for its value. But as Starr is very destitute of this world's goods, Jones saw no other alternative than to bring a criminal action against him, which he was on the eve of instituting when Lizzie Snow, (whose portrait appeared in last week's GAZETTE), proposed the following unique compromise: She appeared before the parties litigant with four straws in her mouth, and bade each of them pull out a straw, the one drawing the shortest straw should be required to pay Jones \$200 for the ring, and afterwards the ring to be raffled for in her caravansary, the proceeds to go to the party drawing the short straw. Lizzie, attired in her most fashionable "pull back," bent forward, and, amid profound interest, the drawing commenced.

The short straw was drawn by the giddy Madeline, who at once handed Mr. Jones \$200, when the party retired to the Snow mansion, where the raffle came off. But it was just here that the hitch came. Lizzie, who presided as umpire, refused to hand over the proceeds to Madeline, who won the ring, averring that she was not entitled to it, and that it was no more than her duty to pay Mr. Jones for Miss Grace's ring. At last accounts Lizzie held on with energy to the proceeds of the raffle, and declares that she will expend the same in the maintenance of a reform school for girls, in which she takes much interest. The moral to the above is that when retired beer-dealers invest in diamonds, they should be presented to girls of sufficient prudence to allow the gems to sparkle on none other save their own digits. At all events they should not be entrusted to gay young men who live with such questionable characters as Madeline Sinclair.

I suppose "Rum Row" will now quiet down, and its denizens will resume their old avocation of drinking the stale contents of beer kegs, and patronizing all the free lunch counters in that part of our city.

Jessie Raymond is still in the city under an assumed name. She lives in a retired boarding-house, and is daily watched by Senator Ben Hill's detectives, lest she appear at the Senate Chamber and ruffle the temper of the gay Georgia Lothario.

I learn that the POLICE GAZETTE has been and is at present in great demand in General Ben Lefevre's district in Ohio. The General has been threatening to sue the GAZETTE for libel, but he will scarcely be apt to do so for two reasons: in the first place the article published in the GAZETTE originally appeared in the Washington Post, and secondly, the General's moral character is not like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion."

The Rhonow Tragedy.

[With Portrait.]

Detective Keating, on a writ issued by Judge Smith of the Criminal Court of Chicago, last week effected the release of Rodney Burns from the Joliet penitentiary and brought him to that city on a charge of being the murderer of Rhonow, a groceryman, on the night of March 1. It is supposed that Burns, in company with Nibsey Payne, went to the murdered man's store for the purpose of robbery, and being opposed by the deceased, who slept in the store, murdered

him by shooting. The detectives have a strong case on Burns, and will, they state, be able to prove that he fired the shot which killed Frederick Rhonow, while Payne rifled the money drawer in the grocery on Butterfield street, where the affair occurred. Paddy Conners, the third party implicated in the affair, has fled the city; a reward of \$400, in connection with the Hensley murder, is offered for his apprehension. Burns has been a known thief for many years and has been guilty of numerous criminal acts, among others the stealing of a pocket-book containing \$50 from Mrs. Clinton Briggs, for which Lieutenant Steele arrested him. He has been at Joliet since October last, serving a five years' sentence for assault upon a man in Warren county. He is twenty-one years of age. The murder was traced to him by Austin Doyle by his (Conners') possession, through the Collector's office, of some scrip which was stolen from Rhonow, the night of the murder.

DOMESTIC WOES.

A Woman's Prayer—Kicked out of Bed and Otherwise Abused—Divorce.

Mrs. Georgie Johnson, the wife of Thomas Johnson, traveling agent of the drug firm of R. Macready & Co., Cincinnati, has filed her petition for divorce in the Court of Common Pleas. Thomas Johnson, the defendant in the case, is a brother of Mr. Johnson, of the law firm of Moulton, Johnson & Levy, and is well known in the city. Mrs. Johnson makes the following statement regarding her troubles: "I met Thomas Johnson for the first time in Cincinnati on the 13th day of May, 1875, and was married to him in Lebanon, Indiana, July 7, 1875. My married life has never been one of happiness. In a few days after our marriage he manifested an ugly disposition. He took me against my will among his relatives. I was very unhappy while with them. He knew my dissatisfaction, but would not allow me to make any change. He said he paid my way, and said I should remain where he desired me to. He never consults my wishes in any particular. He always took the part of his relatives against me. He has at different times been guilty of personal abuse, such as

KICKING ME OUT OF BED

only because our baby was disagreeable to him. And when I ask him to do the least thing for our child, remarks that he is no nurse. He has pulled my hair and slapped me in the face. He has on many occasions violently shoved me from him when I would have shown him the affection due a husband from his wife. He has a cold, unfeeling disposition. For an example of the manner in which my husband has treated me where his relatives were concerned, upon one occasion I took the liberty to eat a few plums that my sister-in-law had bought for her table; she spoke very insulting, and was so abusive that I felt compelled to complain to her husband. When she found out that I had done so, she slapped my cheek. She has a very overbearing disposition. Even the servant girls advised me not to put up with such indignities. My husband was absent at the time of this occurrence. Upon his return, I told him all about it, and the only reply was that it was all my fault. He never resented it at all, or any of her insults. Even after this treatment he compelled me to remain in the house, although he knew I was perfectly miserable by so doing. I am fond of innocent amusements and society, but he never takes me anywhere, always goes alone and leaves me at home. At times I have tried to remonstrate with him, and he would always with an oath say:

'YOU STAY AT HOME!'

"When I was pregnant about three months with my child he violently hit me on the breast, and hurt me so much I cried aloud with pain. On one occasion we went to the Walnut Street House to look at the rooms. We did not agree about the rooms. He struck and pushed me so roughly that I screamed aloud in the hall of the hotel. He has also pinched me on many occasions. As the old adage says, 'A continual dropping will wear a stone.' He does not regard my wishes in the least, and I am fully convinced I can never live with him happily and take any comfort of life. He is overbearing and aggravating. I beg the Court to grant me a divorce on these grounds, for I think they are sufficient grounds for a divorce. I desire my child and sufficient alimony to take care of my child and myself. He frequently stays out all night. He also gave orders to Mr. Pogue, on the 27th of April, not to trust me without his knowledge; went to purchase some articles; Mr. Pogue came up to me and said that my husband had given strict orders not to trust me. He also gave orders to R. Macready & Co. not to let me have any money. I called one day to get some money, and Mr. Rose, the book-keeper, told me my husband gave strict orders not to give me any without his orders. He called me a damn fool and a damn lunatic before Mrs. Austin and Mrs. McKee; also speaks rough before the servants; says I have not got good sense. My husband's income is between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a year; he also has some property."

James Goldrick, Esq., will look after Mrs. Johnson's case.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Mrs. Jenny Gross, leading lady of the Carl Theatre, Vienna, is one of the most famous actresses on the European boards. Added to her great talent she possesses beauty, and these two accomplishments have won for her the high reputation as an artiste she now enjoys. Her most signal success was attained as *Henriette*, in "The Two Orphans," her portraiture of that character being conceived to be the most truthful and complete ever presented. Vienna was bewitched over the personation. The theatre-goers of that city, always critical and exacting, believe her to be without a peer. Talent has no limits, and Mrs. Gross has become familiar to all who love the stage. She has had numerous offers to come to America, and may some day accept, in which case she will without doubt become as famous here as she is at home.

THOMAS JEFFERSON OLIVER

Lives in Brooklyn, and His Spouse Says He is a Naughty Man—Therefore, She Prays to be Rid of Him.

Whatever may be said of the loose morals of the Hub, certain it is that Boston at no time even approaches the City of Churches in the number and frequency of its scandals. Though Brooklyn has long since outstripped all other American cities in this respect, and has even rivaled Paris, it seems not to be content, but rather to be intent on illustrating that *facilis descensus Averno est*. The latest addition to the already long list of deserted hearthstones, children deprived of a father's or mother's care, maids mourning the loss of recreant lovers, and mistresses who preach but violate the seventh commandment, is the suit of Josephine Oliver for absolute divorce from her spouse. This worthy rejoices in the name of Thomas Jefferson, but, if his wife's story be true, his character is the very opposite of the dead president's.

It is hardly more than a year since the nuptial knot which the court is now asked to sever, was tied with all formality by a Brooklyn divine. Mrs. Oliver was then, as she is now, young, petite and sympathetic, and deeply in love with Thomas Jefferson Oliver. Indeed, notwithstanding the fact that her short married life has had more thorns than roses, she still avows her love for

HER DERELICT "HUBBY"

Both parties are residents of Brooklyn, the air of which is said to breed discontent and cussedness, and have been residing at 179 Nassau street, in that city. The alleged naughtiness of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Oliver covers a period from March, 1879, down to April 14 last, on which day the suit was brought. Oliver's *particeps criminis* is stated to have been a woman named Mrs. Bingham, alias Private Detective Moore, who is said to have figured quite extensively in suits for dissolution of life partnerships in Brooklyn courts. The story of Mrs. Oliver's troubles, as gleaned from the complaint in the action, is as follows:

Shortly after they were brought under the unit rule, the supposed lord and master became addicted to staying out "late o' nights," and instead of mending his ways, on being remonstrated with, this model Brooklyn husband is alleged to have stayed away from his bride for days together. Of course, Mrs. Oliver would not tamely submit to such treatment, and consulted friends as to what course to pursue. Just what advice these friends gave is not known, but it is fair to infer that whatever it was, its true foundation was gossip.

However, her attention was directed to Mrs. Bingham, and she states as her belief that during the time Thomas was absent from her, he was lavishing his affections on Mrs. Bingham. Mrs. Oliver further alleges that she received several epistles, couched in the most

VULGAR AND OFFENSIVE LANGUAGE,

which she believes were indited by Mrs. Bingham. The further allegation is made that Thomas has deserted his only lawful wife, and is now seeking happiness in the society of Mrs. Bingham.

This, it would appear, is not the only cause of Mrs. Oliver's grievance, for she alleges that she has no means of support, but that the faithless Thomas is squandering his \$4,000 annual income on Mrs. Bingham, in purchases of jewelry, bijouterie, bric-a-brac, and other outward and visible signs of an inward and all-confiding affection. On the 5th of last month Oliver played the role of a repentant sinner, and seeking his wife, eat humble pie for several hours, during the course of which he told her that he would gladly come back to her, but—and then sobs and kisses are supposed to have emphasized his remarks—he was afraid that if he did so Mrs. Bingham would soil the sidewalk with his life blood. He earnestly besought his Josie to aid him in

RIDDING HIMSELF OF HIS BETE NOIR,

and suggested that she might do so by suing Mrs. Bingham for alienating his affections the same as Mrs. Briemann sued the widow Paasch. Mrs. Oliver consented to do so, and accordingly consulted lawyer Pladwell, who wrote a threatening letter to Mrs. Bingham, which, however, only resulted in bringing a reply from Mrs. Bingham's lawyer denying that his fair client had aught to do with the fickle Thomas.

Thomas failed to mend his ways, and Mrs. Oliver finally instituted the present suit. It is stated that Thomas made the declaration on being served with the papers that he did not care for the divorce, but he did object to paying alimony all his life, and wanted to know what sum Mrs. Oliver would take in gross and release all claim for alimony. Mrs. Oliver placed the figure at \$4,000, which Thomas considered too high. It is said that Thomas has made up with his wife and they are now living together. The suit, however, is still pending.

A Rotten Pillar.

[With Portrait.]

CLAY CENTRE, Kas., April 22.—Quite a sensation is being created in our county over the shortcomings of one of the pillars of the M. E. Church, a farmer of large means and having a wife and four children, Mr. W. A. Lewis. The events of the past few weeks have brought him out in his true colors. If rumor is true, and everything points to its certainty, he has been nothing less than a libertine of the darkest dye for years past. His misdoings with other men's wives and daughters are just coming to light. The direct cause of stirring it all up was his outrage of a poor, feeble girl, only a short time since. It seems he has been intimate with the family; and coming to them one day he brought both young ladies with him, but in the afternoon he managed to send one of them home. Toward evening he took the other in his wagon, and two or three miles from town drove off of

the road, stopped his team and accomplished his hellish design. The girl's family are highly respected, and an effort has been made to keep things quiet and not let it get out, but such things will get out, and it is now rumored that a committee of six or seven visited the house of Mr. Lewis and told him that he must leave the state and he obeyed the summons. His wife was in town to-day with a full power of attorney to attend to his business.

KENNY, THE KILLER.

Slicing His Son With a Butcher-Knife While His Wife Stood Looking on, Powerless to Interfere.

A frightful tragedy occurred at Rochester, N. Y., on the 30th ult. William Kenny, a farmer, living on a farm a short distance from the town, has for some time past been addicted to drink, and frequently came home in an intoxicated condition. On these occasions he would abuse his family and exhibit the greatest violence toward his wife, who is a delicate woman, and utterly unable to protect herself from the assaults of her furious spouse. Kenny has often beaten and otherwise maltreated her, and the poor woman has been living in the very shadow of death from these constant attacks.

He came home on the above date grossly intoxicated and evidently furiously excited. His first move was to order his wife to go into the lots where the cows were then grazing and milk them. She refused, and he then turned to his son and ordered him to do the work. The lad obeyed, took up the milking pails and started for the pasturage.

The drunken father stood by the open door way of the house watching his son's receding form and occasionally glaring at the shrinking form of his wife who was standing a few feet from his side. His excited appearance

FRIGHTENED THE WOMAN.

and she started to follow her son, as she afterward stated, to avoid being murdered, for she felt sure that her husband intended to kill her as soon as the boy was out of sight.

After milking the cows, the mother and son returned to the house. Upon reaching the door it was found to be fastened on the inside. Kenny could be heard moving about, however, and the young fellow called out to his father:

"Open the door."

Kenny replied, savagely, "I won't."

"If you don't," said the young man, "I will burst it open."

To this Kenny yelled out, "If you do I will kill you."

Mrs. Kenny endeavored to dissuade her son from this attempt, but he refused to listen to her, and placing his shoulder against the panels of the door, exerted all his strength, and forced it from its hinges, almost falling upon the floor of the hall as the door gave way.

Inside the hall stood Kenny with a huge butcher's knife in his hand waiting the appearance of his son. In an instant, before the young man could recover himself or adopt the slightest precaution to protect his life, the infuriated monster sprang forward, seized his son by the throat with one hand and with the other dealt him a frightful blow in the stomach completely severing his bowels, and

HURLING HIM TO THE FLOOR

bathed in blood which spurted in a hideous crimson stream over the fallen door and clean-swept hallway.

The horror-stricken mother stood as if petrified with fear, and was unable to move. The bloody spectacle before her, however, soon brought her to her senses, and she turned shrieking from the spot toward a neighbor's house, to procure assistance.

The sound of his wife's voice lent additional fury to the murderer, and he followed her, brandishing the bloody weapon and threatening her with death if he caught her. Fortunately for the woman, she succeeded in making her escape, and reached the neighbor's house in safety.

Kenny, perceiving that his intended victim had eluded him, started to return to where his son lay weltering in his blood, probably with the intention of inflicting additional wounds upon the body. In this, however, he was forestalled. The news of the horror spread with lightning rapidity, and in an incredibly short space of time a number of men were upon the spot, and Kenny was secured and

BOUND HAND AND FOOT.

The excited throng were clamorous to hang the murderer without judge or jury, but a few of the cooler-headed among them advised turning him over to the regular authorities. This was done, but he was somewhat roughly handled before the officers could remove him to jail.

When the neighbors, accompanied by the distracted and half-crazed mother, reached the scene of the murder, young Kenny was found lying partly on the floor and partly upon the broken door, literally bathed in blood, and dead. The grief of the poor mother was heartrending, and strong men turned away their heads to hide the traces of emotion that it was impossible to suppress.

The murder is considered one of the most brutal and atrocious that ever disgraced this locality, and the indignation among the inhabitants of Rochester and the vicinity is so great that it is expected that even yet the populace will carry out the threats so freely expressed to summarily hang the monster who committed the deed, and thus save the county the expense of ending the career of one of the blackest scoundrels that ever disgraced this or any other state.

A CONDUCTOR of one of the Boston horse-cars has been absent from a neighboring town for over fifteen years. Last week, having been granted a vacation on account of sickness, he thought he would revisit the scenes of his youth. Judge of his surprise when he was received as one risen from the dead and informed that a tablet commemorating his memory as one of the volunteers who had fallen in the war was about to be placed in the town Memorial hall.

KENNEDY, THE SAILOR.

Anchored in a Port That Will Prove
His Shipping Place to
Glory.

HE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER

And so He Took Her Life and Then
Attempted His Own.

SHE DARED NOT TELL HER SECRET.

Stretched on a small cot bed in the Eastern District Hospital, Williamsburg, L. I., her young life fast ebbing away, on Sunday night, lay a beautiful girl of but nineteen summers, the latest sacrifice on the altar of unhallowed love and blind, unreasoning jealousy. With two bullet holes in her head—one of the deadly missiles imbedded in her brain—poor Nellie Stokes lay unconscious and rapidly sinking from these fearful injuries inflicted upon her in the parlor of a boarding house, 180 Second street, Williamsburg, by Edward Kennedy, who—poor expiation of his dastardly crime—afterward turned the revolver at his own worthless head. He discharged it and put a ball into the portion of the skull lying immediately over the left ear, which, taking a downward course, lodged in the cheek bone. There at present he lies, and though its presence causes the wretch exquisite pain, the doctors characterize the injury sustained as most unlikely to terminate fatally. As gathered from the residents in the boarding house and friends of the murdered girl and would-be suicide, the circumstances that led up to this tragic denouement in their relations may be summed up as follows:

A STORY OF MAD LOVE.

Edward Kennedy is a sailor by profession. He returned late last fall from a cruise in the yacht Ideal, and took up his abode at the boarding house of Mrs. Taggart, the widow of a policeman, whose house is and always has been conducted in a thoroughly respectable manner. The other lodgers give Kennedy a good character, and speak of him as a reasonably temperate and respectable man up to some two months since, when an addition was made to the complement of the boarders by the arrival of Nellie Stokes, who, as now may be seen, notwithstanding the terrible injuries that disfigure the young face, was a brunette with magnificent black eyes and wealth of raven hair, a neat, trim figure, and altogether of unusually prepossessing appearance. Nor in manners was she lacking in fulfillment of the bright promise of her saucy, flashing eyes and bright, smiling face, and it is not strange that the young suitor, none the less impressionable than those of his calling are wont to be, fell head over ears in love with the winsome lass, paid her the usual attentions, and becoming more and more demonstrative as his advances met with little repulse, soon sued for her as his wife. But poor Nellie Stokes bore with her the burden of a sad domestic secret that forbade the contemplation of linking her fate with that of her love stricken swain. She was a married woman, separated from her husband, as they could not agree, and so she told the lovelorn suitor. But the apparent impossibility of making her his wife only added fuel to the flame of

KENNEDY'S SATIRE ON LOVE,

and the declaration of the secret hurried on the rash acts in the dismal tragedy that last night culminated in so terrible a manner. On the 16th of last month, half frantic with his headstrong love, Kennedy made an attempt upon his life, discharging a pistol in the region of his heart. But the end was not yet, and the bullet buried itself in a rib, where it still remains. He was removed to the Eastern District Hospital, and then, after remaining under treatment for a week, was discharged cured.

Here daily came the tender-hearted woman to visit him, soothing him with comforting words, but receiving thus the unhallowed passion that she, all unconscious, was fanning into a flame, to be quenched only in her own life blood. All he thought or spoke of during his stay in the hospital, says the nurse, was Nellie, and when the day came for him to leave, the girl-wife was there to steady the tottering steps of her wretched lover, as, weak and trembling, he again, with the blind infatuation of his hopeless passion still upon him sought shelter beneath the same roof as his hapless victim. Until yesterday afternoon all was peace and quietness at No. 180 Second street, and Mrs. Taggart and the boarders hoped that Kennedy was mastering his infatuation for Nellie. It would also appear from their statements that she avoided him as much as possible, and gave him distinctly to understand that their relations must be of as distant a nature as was compatible with a residence under the same roof. Strenuous efforts were made by Nellie's friends to sever the acquaintance at once and forever, but as Kennedy had arranged to sail on Monday next things were allowed to remain as they were.

THE TRAGEDY.

But Nemesis was only sleeping in the storm-racked breast of Edward Kennedy, and just as Mrs. Taggart was preparing the evening meal last night three shots rang out cruel, sharp and clear on the affrighted ears of the boarders, who, with the landlady, were in the basement of the building. Nellie had been engaged in refilling the lamps and had a few moments previously started up-stairs to bring down from the front room on the second floor, the parlor common to all the boarders, the lamp used in that apartment.

"Oh, heavens, Kennedy has shot himself again!" exclaimed Mrs. Taggart, for she knew that he had been sitting in the parlor since dinner, and away she rushed up to the second story, flung open the door and burst into the room. There on a lounge, weltering in the blood that was copiously flowing from two gaping bullet holes in her head, lay Nellie Stokes, while by her side stood her murderer, the life blood spurting from the hole where a self-directed bullet had pierced his skull, gazing with a half dazed look, in which ferocity and anxiety were strangely blended, at the face of her whose young life he had taken.

The police were hastily summoned and an ambulance sent for. In the latter, Nellie Stokes, breathing but utterly unconscious, was removed to the Eastern District Hospital, whose threshold she had last crossed arm in arm with the man who had taken her life. Drs. S. T. Brady and A. G. Heyl immediately took the case in hand, and every resource of science was called in to call back the young life that for hours lay hovering on the

VERGE OF THE GRAVE.

But at half-past eleven the last faint rise and fall of the bosom became stilled, the irregular breathing became less and less frequent, and finally, without a struggle, she expired.

From the first examination the doctors despaired of saving her life. One bullet entered behind the left eye, destroying the sight. The other and fatal missile took a downward course to the base of the brain and lodged there.

ARREST OF THE MURDERER.

Meanwhile Officer Hoadley arrested Kennedy in the room, from whence he showed no inclination to go, maintaining a stolid silence in the face of all questions addressed to him. He was at once removed to the Fifth precinct station, where Captain Woglom ordered him to be detained and receive surgical attention. An examination of the wound in his head by Dr. Malone disclosed the fact that in his case also the ball had taken a downward course and lodged in the cheek. The wound, however, is pronounced not dangerous. He refuses to talk to any one, and it is the opinion of the officials that the somewhat strange demeanor he assumes when addressed is, as they put it, "all sham."

Of the whereabouts of the deceased girl's husband no particulars could be ascertained. He is a lithographer by trade and works in New York. He has been married to Nellie for twenty months, and they separated about nine weeks ago, when she came to live with her aunt, Mrs. Taggart.

A FICKLE ARTIST.

So Loving, so Tender and so False—Lying in at the "Hub" for Repairs—A Business Busted and Resumed With an Heir.

In the Globe Village district at Fall River, Mass., a large amount of gossip has been going around, on account of the disappearance of a certain "knight of the brush" from that locality, and the eccentricities of a lady at the south end of the city. For some time past this dauber of paint has been paying his addresses to a bright, sparkling milliner who had a good business, and employed a number of young girls as assistants. His attentions were very devoted towards the lady, although she was his senior, and neither were right unless in each other's company. The young beau had a hankering after the business, and thought how nice it would be, to be boss over these young ladies. It is said he longed for the day when he should be in that enviable position. The buxom dame being rather tardy "tying the noose," he anticipated the pleasures. The lady on finding out her peculiar condition, made overtures to the "knight of the brush" respecting marriage, and in hopes of becoming a wife she discharged her young lady employees, gave up the business, and mooted the question to him whom she hoped soon to hold in her arms and be able to say, my husband. But the course of true love does not run so smooth. He having attained his end, was reluctant about taking her as his bride, she tried to force him, but he scooted and has not been heard of since. In this dilemma she made considerable search for her missing lover, but as he could not be found, she, it is said, repaired to the "Hub," where she was relieved of her burden. After this she returned to the city, and as he whom she had hoped to have as her lord and master could not be heard from, again commenced her business and is now running it.

A Notorious Criminal.

[With Portrait.]

Spence Pettis, the noted forger, whose death in the Massachusetts State Prison at Concord was announced in last week's GAZETTE, was in some respects another Ruloff, whose intellectual acquirements and capacity were a marvel, but did not save him from a felon's death upon the gallows. Pettis had not when he died, so far as is known, a living relative, his wife having died about two years ago. To this degradation—homeless, friendless, characterless, broken in body, mind and spirit—he had fallen from a position of high attainment. He was one of the most remarkable criminals who ever graced the prisons of this country. He was educated at Columbia College and graduated with high honor. At one time in his career he wrote leading editorial articles for the New York Times, and was generally regarded as an able writer and thinker. It has been stated by those competent to judge that Pettis' incarceration was worth \$1,000,000 to Wall street men, as since that time no schemes of such magnitude as he was wont to carry out have been perpetrated upon the business community. He committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell.

Judge—See here, prisoner, if you do any more lying you won't get off with three years. Prisoner—But, judge, how many years d'ye s'pose y'd gimme if I told the truth?

A BLOODY FEUD.

An Afternoon Visit That has Proved the
Keynote of Many Crimes—Vengeance
is Mine.

Among the vendettas of more recent origin in the state of Texas is that which has latterly sprung up between two of the most prominent families in Waller county—the Logginses and the Morris. They were and are related by intermarriage and otherwise, and the origin of the feud was the jealousy of one of the Logginses at a charged improper relation between his wife, Mrs. Loggins, and his cousin, Daniel Morris. Loggins, who had been absent, suddenly returned to his home, and found Morris on the veranda talking to Mrs. Loggins. This enraged him, and drawing a pistol he burst a cap at Morris, who escaped. Loggins vented his rage by shooting Morris' horse, which was hitched at the gate. Mrs. Loggins indignantly and under oath denied any illicit relation with young Morris, and said that her husband's jealousy was without cause and unfounded. But the sequence was that Morris, hearing of threats on the part of the husband, left the country for a year or more. He returned, and, armed with a shot-gun, hid himself behind a tree, waylaid Loggins as he was riding out of the town of Hempstead, and shot him dead. A short time afterward, and while Morris was in jail, Loggins' father, brother and cousin waylaid and killed William Morris, a brother of Daniel, as he rode through a field. For this they were arrested and imprisoned without bail, and are now awaiting trial. People there have no idea the vendetta will end with this, but more

BLOOD WILL FLOW.

the courts being too weak and incompetent to stop it.

Waller county is unfortunately the scene of a vendetta possibly more bitter and vindictive than that of the Morris and Logginses, having had its origin during the war. While the northern and southern armies were like brave men settling their differences on the field of glory and of battle, there was a prominent fire eating secessionist named Jared E. Kirby, who, after inciting others to revolution, staid at home himself, and under some sort of authority from or under the Confederate government performed the office of running down unionists. One of his victims was John Steele, who became the object of persecution on the part of the valiant Kirby, both being residents of the same country neighborhood. Steele's house was surrounded by Kirby's myrmidons—the valiant home guard—he was seized, taken out, and it was proposed to hang him for alleged disloyalty to the confederates. A friend of his, however, prevailed on the chivalrous crowd to let him go on promise of leaving that part of the state. This he did. Kirby had threatened Steele's life. At the close of the war, when a military commandant was in power in Houston, Steele met his old enemy on the steps, or stairs of the United States Provost Marshal's office, on the second floor of the Wilson building, corner of Main and Congress streets, in Houston. Kirby was in the act of drawing a weapon. But Steele was too fast, and whipping out his revolver, shot and killed Kirby. He was arrested and tried, but acquitted on the ground of self-defence. But Kirby's friends swore vengeance, and Steele knew them too well to doubt that the threat would be kept. It was. At the time of Kirby's tragic death, his son, Jared E. Kirby—bearing the name of the old man—was a mere lad, but so deep an impression did the death of his father produce on the boy, that the desire for revenge for the murder of his parent became the leading idea of the lad, and developed with his youth. He grew to manhood, and the hand of the evil spirit—the demon of blood—waxed strong upon him. The time arrived to execute the threat of vengeance made over the

DEAD BODY OF HIS FATHER.

One quiet, beautiful Sabbath of 1879 John Steele, who had been under apprehension of assassination for fifteen years, and now an old, gray-headed man was attending the Methodist church in Hempstead and worshipping with the congregation, totally unaware of the presence of the assassin, or that the murderer would come into the very shadow of the altar, the very presence of the Almighty Himself, to perform his deed of blood. When the congregation was dismissed Steele, who occupied a back seat, came forth ahead of the other worshippers. As he was descending the steps of the house of God into the street, young Jared E. Kirby stepped in front, and, revolver in hand, fired on the unarmed and defenceless old man. Steele fell in the agonies of death, and while the body was still writhing the assassin, to make sure work of it, deliberately fired another ball into the prostrate body. The murderer, with a brutal remark about the old man's profiting by the sermon, or words to that effect, after the completion of the dastardly and cowardly act, strode forth from the bloody scene with the mark of Cain upon his brow, that all the verdicts on this side of the grave cannot and will not wash out. It is a brand that is indelible.

The murderer gave himself up, and wept through the usual legal routine of "coming clear," so well known in Texas. Finally the case came to trial Thursday, as stated in the dispatch, and the murderer of John Steele was acquitted by the jury in less time than it takes to write this. Whilst following what is known as the Texas law of the hip-pocket the jury have established a dangerous precedent. Steele, the murdered man, left several sons, who, it is generally thought, will avail themselves of the principle established by the court that one has the right to kill the murderer of his father and not be hurt for it. It is believed that the Steeles will, after long years, perhaps—may be sooner—take vengeance on Kirby, and there is no telling where the feud will

end. Kirby's life is believed to be totally unsafe. People here say it would be as fair for the Steeles to kill Kirby as for Kirby to assassinate their father.

OUT OF DURANCE

And Welcomed by a Crowd Who Believe
in Free Speech and Free Press—Imbecile
Tyranny Denounced.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Chickering Hall, on Sunday evening, May 24, was packed to the very doors. Standing room was at a premium and numbers of persons were sitting on the steps outside in the hope that something might turn up whereby they could gain an entrance. By eight o'clock it was utterly impossible to wedge one's way through the solid phalanx of people about the doors, and hundreds were compelled to go away. The attraction of this vast multitude was the reception of D. M. Bennett, the Free-Thinker, who has just been released from state prison. The Hon. Elsur Wright presided at the meeting, and stated that they had met in the name of common sense and common humanity—that they were friends of the law of forethought and free speech. "What is law," he said, "without liberty? What is enforced morality worth?" He denounced the system of government advocated by the Comstock party.

He then introduced Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman, who spoke at considerable length upon the connection of Church and State, and the evils that would naturally result from Comstock legislation, which he characterized as a direct infringement upon the laws and Constitution of the United States. He characterized such legislation as anti-Republican, un-Democratic and

FUNDAMENTALLY WRONG.

He expressed the greatest humiliation that Dr. Crosby should have publicly advocated lying and falsehood as the basis of public morality. The speaker asserted that there was no way of getting to heaven until the people knew how to stop lying. He had hoped to present Mr. Bennett in his prison clothing, but suits of that character were so much in demand that it was impossible to get one. He would therefore have to introduce Mr. Bennett in plain citizen's clothing.

He then took this celebrated person by the hand and leading him forward introduced him. The applause, which had hitherto been most uproarious and frequent, now burst forth into a perfect storm. The audience appeared to be composed of the most respectable people, but they allowed their enthusiasm to master them, and men and women alike arose in their seats, waved their hats and handkerchiefs and shouted until they were hoarse.

This continued for fully ten minutes, and then a man arose in the gallery and proposed three cheers for Bennett, which were given with such vehemence as to almost unroof the building. A large bouquet of roses was presented to the

LIBERATED FREE-THINKER.

and finally, when the audience had somewhat quieted down, he advanced to the front, and, with tears in his eyes and a trembling voice, thanked the audience for the reception. He said that it was the proudest moment of his life.

"I don't want to do anything wrong, but I will go into a prison cell again before I will be a coward and refuse to act according to my own best belief and knowledge of right." He continued to speak of the persecutions he had endured and of his prison life, which latter was very rough. He denounced Dr. Crosby in very severe terms, and the audience applauded to the echo. His concluding sentence was, "I am resolved to be a good citizen. I will speak the truth and I will print it."

A number of speakers followed, who were very severe upon Dr. Crosby and Anthony Comstock. Whenever the name of the latter was mentioned it was met with the strongest hisses. Telegrams were read from all over the United States and from Canada, congratulating Bennett and stating that mass meetings were being held in honor of the event.

Among other resolutions the following were adopted:

Resolved, That we deliberately denounce the Comstock legislation, as to its hidden and real animus, which is the suppression of free thought and the freedom of the Press; and the rulings of Judge Benedict in the case of Bennett; and the refusal of President Hayes to interfere, as a legislative, a judicial and administrative outrage; and that we pledge ourselves to continue to do whatsoever true men and true women may rightly do, to reverse this whole current of procedure.

Resolved, That if it were not too melancholy and dangerous, it would be comically ludicrous to behold the gigantic machinery of the United States Government invoked to punish by ten years imprisonment, and five thousand dollars fine, some thoughtless or angry boy or man who has said a naughty word on paper through the post office to some one who, to protect himself, has only to decline to read what is sent him, or throw it into the waste basket; and that this great country is now afflicted and disgraced, through the activity of a few over-zealous bigots, by a new edition of the Connecticut Blue Laws so ridiculous that the people almost refuse as yet to believe in their existence.

She Couldn't Stand It.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Hill sued Mr. Harrison, at Saybrook, Conn., for \$10,000, because he failed to keep his promise of marriage. She testified that she was twenty-one years of age and he sixty-three. She loved him, she said, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, though she was greatly shocked when she learned how old he really was. She supposed him to be about forty until he took off a black, curly wig, and showed a small remnant of gray hair. She fainted at the sight, but afterward became reconciled to him. Then he in turn grew cool.



COINCIDENT HORRORS—A DISSIPATED WRETCH DIES IN A FIT OF DELIRIUM TREMENS NEAR THE GRAVE WHICH HE HAD DUG FOR HIS OWN BURIAL—WHILE LYING DEAD IN HIS HOVEL, HIS MISTRESS CALLS TO SEE HIM, AND IS STRUCK DEAD BY LIGHTNING WHILE ENTERING THE DOOR; NEAR NASHVILLE, IND.—SEE PAGE 5.



PILING ON THE AGONY—AN ABSENT-MINDED DAMSEL WEARS TWO HATS TO CHURCH, AND STIRS UP THE ENVY OF THE ATTENDING FEMALES, WHO THINK SHE HAS BEAT THEM IN A NEW STYLE; HARTFORD, CONN.—SEE PAGE 3.



SHE COULDN'T STAND IT—A YOUNG LADY, WITH AN EYE TO DUCATH, IS HORRIFIED AT THE DISCOVERY THAT HER AGED ADMIRER WEARS A WIG, SHE SUPPOSING THAT HIS AUBURN LOCKS WERE GENUINE; SAYBROOK, CONN.—SEE PAGE 7.



OUT OF DURANCE—D. M. BENNETT, EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE IN CHICKERING HALL, NEW YORK, ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, HAVING BEEN CONFINED IN PRISON FOR EXPRESSING HIS OPINIONS IN PRINT ON THE MARITAL RELATION—WELCOMED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE, WHO BELIEVE IN TELLING THE TRUTH BOLDLY.—SEE PAGE 7.



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS, DOWN IN A WINE CELLAR, WITH BOTTLED HEADACHES, PENT-UP REVELRY AND UNTOLD MISERY FOR THE MILLION—FAIR BIBBLERS OUT ON A "SAMPLING" EXPEDITION—MINE HOST PROVIDES A SILENT ENTERTAINMENT IN WHICH RATS AND A SPUNKY TERRIER DO THE HONORS—FUN FOR THE AUDITORS BUT DEATH TO THE LONG-TAILED SQUEALERS—AND THE S. P. C. A. WERE IN THEIR LITTLE BEDS.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 14.]

MADAME RESTELL

Lies Mouldering in Her Grave, But
Her Heirs Are March-
ing On.

DID SHE MURDER HER HUSBAND?

Upon the Solution of This Question
Depends the Possession of Ill-
Gotten Wealth.

A STRANGE DEATH-BED SCENE.

The tragic death of Mrs. Ann Lohmann, the famous New York abortionist, better known as Mme. Restell, left behind it not only a cloud of most unsavory reminiscences and an extensive litigation connected with the disposal of her estate, officially inventoried at over \$1,000,000, but a romantic story hitherto untold which opens up a possible degree of greater criminality on the part of the woman than has ever been supposed by the public. The facts and suspicions now to be disclosed for the first time to the community, of which she was for so many years probably the most notorious member, have, however, been known hitherto and talked about among a small circle of persons who were fully acquainted with the inner history of the woman's lust and all the circumstances preceding her suicide. The sumptuous house on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street, which was her residence—a house which in any part of Europe would be denominated a palace—was a sealed book to all but a very few persons having intimate relations with Mme. Restell during her lifetime. The "office," of course, was always open to "patients," but the interior and the private life of the woman who was the head of this household were well guarded mysteries. When Mme. Restell, however, was compelled to battle with Anthony Comstock and the detectives which he placed upon her track it became necessary on her part also to employ detectives to watch the doings of the enemy, and before these detectives the veil of secrecy surrounding the inner life of that mysterious household had to be torn away.

MORE SERIOUS CHARGES.
From one of these detectives, whose character for veracity is vouchsafed by persons high in authority, who have employed him in years gone by, the facts here to be narrated were obtained, and by others they were so far confirmed in almost every particular as to render them—starting as they are—sufficiently authenticated to warrant publication. They will throw a novel and lurid light on the question which was so often asked at the time of Mme. Restell's death, "What was it that prompted her to commit suicide?" It was known at that time that to all her intimates she professed very little fear as to the result of her trial on Comstock's charges, having been advised by eminent counsel that the indictment could not stand in the face of an analysis of the powders, showing them to be utterly harmless. Even then it was said in explanation of her rash act that it was the fear of "more serious" charges which impelled her to suicide. What were these "more serious" accusations? The following recital of the well authenticated statement above referred to may enable the reader to answer that question:

The history of "Dr." Charles B. Lohmann, Mme. Restell's second husband, is enveloped in considerable doubt, as no relatives of the deceased have been as yet found to give an account of his antecedents and early career. It is known, however, that he was a Russian by birth and came to this country about fifty years ago, he being then a mere youth. When he died, about a year before Mme. Restell's suicide, he was a man nearly seventy years of age, and they had been married some thirty years. He was a fine-looking man of very genial disposition, jovial nature, and very fond of conviviality and a

GOOD GLASS OF WINE.
but being of a most sturdy and robust constitution and extremely moderate and temperate in all his habits he preserved wonderful strength and freshness to the end, and his death was quite sudden and a surprise to all who knew him. "Dr." Lohmann was already in the quack medicine business when he married Mme. Restell. It will be remembered that she was originally an English dressmaker, who had come to this country to better her condition in life, and that during the first years of her residence in this country she was actually employed in dressmaking. Whether she was already engaged in the nefarious pursuit in which she won herself a great fortune and famous reputation when she met him is not definitely established. It is conceded, however, that the marriage did not turn out a happy one.

"Dr." Lohmann and Mme. Restell had one fault in common, which was the source of continued disputes and contests—namely, an insatiable greed for money. Though both in their life calling had accumulated money very fast, they clung to it as though its possession was all that life was worth living for, and the quarrels over their money affairs, together with a radical incompatibility of temper, led to an actual, though not open, separation, lasting for many years. They did not occupy the same apartments, and were generally on bad terms except during occasional spells of reconciliation, when good feeling was restored between them for a short time—generally, however, to be followed by another outburst of ill-

temper or another dispute about money. "Dr." Lohmann had purchased many years ago, when real estate up-town was very low, the lots fronting on the east side of Fifth avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. He sold the upper portion of the property when real estate rose in price, but kept 125 feet front, on which the Restell residence and subsequently the Osborne flats were erected. As he owned the title to the land he also practically owned the buildings, though the Osborne flats were mostly built with her money. When he built the Restell house he had to raise \$27,000, and executed a mortgage for that amount to the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Mme. Restell knew of the transaction, and as she was always

ANXIOUS TO SECURE A HOLD
on the property and was at that time on bad terms with her husband, she quietly and behind his back, to use a common phrase, bought up the mortgage. For the erection of the Osborne flats she advanced \$147,000 in cash and took a mortgage on the property in her own name to that amount. The two mortgages aggregated only \$174,000, however, while the two properties were valued at over \$600,000, so that over and above the mortgages held by his wife "Dr." Lohmann's title to them was worth over \$400,000.

During one of their periodical reconciliations, when Mme. Restell's harsh temper toward her husband was softened, he executed a will in her favor, leaving her all his property, subject to certain annuities to children. "Dr." Lohmann and his wife never had any children, but by another husband Mme. Restell had had a daughter, now living in Harlem under the name of Mrs. Farrell, and these children were her daughter's offspring. Considering that "Dr." Lohmann and Mme. Restell had lived together so unamiably it was a matter of no little surprise to all who knew them when she, after his death, probated the will and it turned out that he had left all his property to her. It should be stated, by the way, that outside the Fifth avenue property he also owned the title to a valuable store in Chambers street, which thus came also into her possession. His death had been comparatively sudden, as his illness preceding it had not been considered serious, and some statements were made which, in connection with the strange manner of removing his body, gave rise to certain rumors and suspicions that have never since been quieted among the small circle to which they were known—rumors which were fanned afresh and received a new impetus when Mme. Restell committed suicide, and when it was publicly stated in the press that she was prompted to the act by her dread of graver and more serious charges that might be brought against her.

A STRANGE DEATH-BED SCENE.
One of the very few intimates of the family, who knew the inner life of the Restell household, from his own observation—a young man still living in New York, but whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be mentioned here—tells this curious story of a scene in the Restell house which occurred on the day of "Dr." Lohmann's death, January 5, 1876: The "doctor" lay on his bed, but did not seem to be particularly ill. He had been unwell for some time past, but no grave apprehensions as to the result were entertained by anybody who knew of his condition. This young man had been visiting him every day. On this occasion "Dr." Lohmann raised himself in bed and said, "Hand me that medicine bottle from the bureau, will you?" The visitor looked around and, seeing no bottle, replied, "What bottle? There is none here." "Why, it was there a few minutes ago," the invalid exclaimed. "Who could have taken it?" In a fit of angry impatience he rang the bell. Mme. Restell appeared in answer to the summons, holding a medicine bottle in her hand, and looking, as this eye-witness states, with emphatic particularity, strangely excited. "What the devil did you take my medicine away for?" he exclaimed, impetuously. "Well, I thought it was getting empty," she replied, "and I had better replenish it." He looked astonished, saying, "Why, it was more than half full before; it didn't need replenishing at all." She only replied, "Well, I thought I had better fill it up," and with that she deposited the bottle, which was now quite full, on the bureau. That very night Lohmann died, though when the visitor left him, late in the afternoon, he seemed as well as usual, and by no means appeared as though he was about to die.

A SAD BURIAL.
Added to the above incident, which in itself could easily be explained, was the cruel and heartless manner in which the body was removed. No clergyman was called to begin with, though that particular omission might, perhaps, be very naturally attributed to the general isolation from all religious associations which Mme. Restell and her household maintained. But there were no funeral services whatever, and the manner of burying the body was strange. At a very early hour of the morning, when the neighborhood was very still and but few people were yet astir in Fifth avenue and in the neighboring side streets, the body, which had been rudely and quickly hustled into a coffin, was carried away by the rear door "to avoid attracting attention," as Mme. Restell told the servants at the time. It was taken to Tarrytown, where it was interred in its last resting place, with neither widow nor grandchildren paying the departed the last tribute of following his earthly form to the grave. Indeed, no one of the household followed him, unless it was Joseph Trow, brother of Mme. Restell, who, it was yesterday stated by an informant, did not refuse that last tribute of decent respect to the man whose friend he had been while living.

STRANGE QUESTIONS.
Why was the body taken to Tarrytown? That was one of the questions asked at the time. It becomes especially interesting in connection with Mme. Restell's peculiar queries put to some of the detectives before she committed suicide. She was evidently from the time of her commitment by the police magistrate up to her suicide sadly distressed and concerned, not about Comstock's charges on which she was about to be tried (for these, she professed to know,

could not stand in a legal investigation), but about "more serious" charges which might be preferred against her. One of these detectives says that on a certain occasion at her house Mme. Restell, who seemed to be laboring under more than usual excitement at the time, called him aside and said, "Tell me, if I ask you a certain question will you solemnly promise me never to reveal that I asked you the question?" He thought this preliminary query very strange, but rapidly gave the promise she had requested. "I'll tell you what I want to know," she said, with the same emotion, which the detective says she was evidently struggling to master, "I want you to tell me if the coroner of New York has the power to make a post mortem examination or hold an inquest outside of the city?" He thought this a very funny question, but readily replied, "Of course not; his powers are confined to New York." "Oh, of course they are; I might as well have known it," she exclaimed, with a forced smile, and passed the matter off.

WAS IT A MURDER?
Thus the strange burial of "Dr." Lohmann, the heartless conduct of Mme. Restell in not even accompanying the body, the secret and suspicious manner of its removal from the house, together with the sudden death of the "doctor," the incident of the medicine bottle which became known to a few, and the fact that through his death Mme. Restell came into possession of a property valued at from \$400,000 to \$500,000, which she had coveted nearly all her life, and that in the face of the well established fact that the couple had been estranged during the greater part of their married life by bitter enmity and hatred—all these circumstances threw suspicion on the manner of his death and created the rumor that it was either wholly or partially brought about by foul play, and that Mme. Restell herself was concerned in the matter. Had this been only idle gossip, with no prospect of any further legal scrutiny or official investigation ever being had, perhaps no public reference need have been made to it, but the question seriously arose whether the manner of Lohmann's death, if foul play could be proven, did not invalidate the present right of the grandchildren of Mme. Restell to the estate of "Dr." Lohmann.

PROSPECTS OF LITIGATION.
The matter was thought to be sufficiently serious to justify it being brought to the attention of the late Attorney General, Mr. Shoonmaker. The present youthful heirs, who live in the Fifth avenue palace in apparent enjoyment of their million inheritance, and regularly sport their two superb turnouts in the Park, got an inkling of these steps, and their counsel also promptly went before the Attorney General to head off any further proceedings, and stated that they had heard of efforts being made to induce him to claim the property on the part of the State and hoped that he would do nothing without giving them an opportunity to argue the matter fully before him. The Attorney General said to both parties that it was a very unusual thing for the State to initiate proceedings for the forfeiture of property for want of heirs, although in a proper case he would not hesitate to bring such proceedings. In the present case, however, it would be better to procure further proof and to first take measures to ascertain if no heirs of "Dr." Lohmann were living in Prussia. This has been done quite recently, and the authorities in Prussia have been written to fully in connection with the matter with the hope of thereby ascertaining if no heirs of the deceased are living. If descendants or heirs are found it is regarded as beyond all doubt that the body of "Dr." Lohmann, at Tarrytown, will at once be exhumed—as it will be a matter of small expense compared with the great interests at stake—to officially ascertain if traces of poison can be found by chemical analysis. Such a result would lead to a litigation over the property, in which the manner of "Dr." Lohmann's death would be judicially established and the right to the property finally settled. It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that "Dr." Lohmann undoubtedly left blood relatives in Prussia, and that as soon as they are informed of the facts they will open the entire matter and thus pave the way for proceedings which may shed a new and startling light on the inner history of the Restell household.

THE WAGES OF SIN. Seduction, Abortion and Death of a Beautiful Young Woman—An Arrant Villain.

About a year ago Miss Maggie Faught made the acquaintance of John Snyder, of Hunter's Bottom, Ky., who began love-making, and she, naturally of an open and kind disposition, returned his passion with fervor. She was a beautiful brunette, perfect in form and feature, twenty-four years of age. They became engaged, and were to have been married some months ago.

In March it became apparent that the trusting girl had sinned. At this stage there appeared in this city a brilliant, fashionable young man calling himself Dr. J. L. Miller, of Louisville, Ky. Shortly after his arrival he was introduced by Snyder to Miss Faught, and his profession announced. Miss Faught visited Madison, Ind., in company with Snyder and returned home the following Saturday, when she complained of feeling ill. Miller made frequent visits after this. She grew worse, and Dr. Ely, not recognizing Miller in the matter, did all he could to save her life, but she died of the lock-jaw from the effects of the abortion which, it is alleged, had been committed a week before he was called. After her death her father requested the doctor to say nothing about the case, as it would only bring additional misfortune upon the family.

Young Snyder is one of the firm of Snyder Bros., whose distillery stands above Milton, Ky., opposite Madison. Young Miller is said to be a son of Dr. Miller, of Louisville, an old and prominent physician there. Miller left on Friday, and Snyder on Sunday last. The Grand Jury is investigating the case. The verdict of the coroner has not yet been made public.

RUN DOWN.

Two More Manhattan Bank Robbers
Caught—A Fight That Availed Nothing.

In December last, when the trial of John Hope and William Kelly came off in New York for complicity in the Manhattan Bank robbery of October 27, 1878, when nearly \$3,000,000 in securities were carried away by the safe plunderers, the strongest witness for the prosecution was the bank watchman, Patrick Shovelin, who had been himself under arrest for participating in the crime and had turned state's evidence. Shovelin had been in prison before that for theft.

He testified that for nearly three years before the robbery he had been in negotiation with George Tracey, "Big Peter," William Porter and Jim Tracey, who wanted him to get into the bank as night watchman and then admit them. This project fell through, but subsequently James Hope, Abram Coakley and James Tracey resumed the negotiations, and it was arranged that he was to let the band in some night and they were to gag and bind him and rifle the safe. He was paid over \$1,600. They told him he was a fool to work for a few dollars when \$200,000 could be made

AS EASILY AS WINKING.

He admitted Dobbs and Hope and Coakley several times before the robbery, and Hope drilled the lock. Shovelin, after the robbery, met these men several times and heard the story about the binding of the janitor, and how Coakley and Kelly had watched over the janitor and his wife and mother-in-law until the safe was opened and plundered. Kelly told him that "Big" Peter, Hope and Coakley were there. The trial ended in young Hope and Kelly being sent to prison for ten years each. The financial results to the robbers was very meagre. Most of the bonds were registered, and out of the \$2,750,000 in all kinds of cash and securities, it is doubtful whether the gang realized \$10,000 clear. Of \$48,000 negotiable government bonds, the authorities stopped over \$30,000 here and in Europe. The notorious John Dobbs was caught here, as was John Cannon, the man who tried to negotiate part of the bonds on Third street. Dobbs was sent to New York, and afterwards to Connecticut, where he had several years to serve for the Wethersfield bank robbery. It is probable that he furnished a great deal of valuable information to the New York police department, and that this was the reason why he slipped out of the Manhattan affair so easily. Cannon is serving thirteen years in Cherry Hill.

COAKLEY FOOLS THE POLICE.
Last winter a New York detective fell in with Coakley, who thought his time had come. He at once offered to tell a lot of things about the bank robbery, but had shrewdness enough to perceive when at police headquarters that they did not suspect him of connection with it. He offered to betray a number of the cracksmen, and led several officers to a room, where he told them to wait until he brought in his "pals." By this ruse he gave the men the slip and secured his own freedom. Since that time the charged Captain, now Inspector, Byrnes, has been after Coakley and Big Peter and recently received information that they were in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Detective Department was not communicated with, but Detectives Riley, Steven and Meehan were sent on there. At 8 o'clock on Wednesday night they overtook Coakley and Peter, who calls himself Ellis, at Broad and Arch streets and seized them. Coakley hit Riley in the face and ran. He was chased through several small streets and into a small store adjoining the police station on Filbert street, above Fifteenth, where he was secured

AFTER A HARD FIGHT,
which he tried to renew on the way to the station house. Peter made no resistance. Coakley, who called himself Thomas Lang, and Ellis, who gave the name of Charles Reed, and other aliases, were arraigned before Magistrate Smith, at the Central Station immediately after capture. Inspector Byrnes, of New York, presented a bench warrant from Judge Gildersleeve for the arrest of the men for burglary at the Manhattan Bank. They are the men charged with the robbery and are known as Abe Coakley and Peter Ellis.

Coakley has been James Hope's partner for years in bank robberies and is said to have been a thief from childhood. They were caught several years ago in breaking into the bank at Deep River, Conn. Not much can be learned about Ellis beyond the fact that he is an expert crackman. There is every probability that some day the New York men will make a flying trip to Philadelphia and capture James Hope, the leader of the gang, who has been in that city at times since the robbery, so the New York detectives have reason to believe. Policeman Nugent, who was tried for complicity in the burglary, was acquitted in January last.

A NUMBER OF HORSES were being conveyed on the Columbia river boat when, during a commotion among them, one was kicked and had his leg broken. It was decided to put the poor brute out of his misery. He was dispatched by an axe in the hands of one of the employees of the boat. The celebrated stallion Delaware was quietly watching the movement, and just as the blow was struck he gave a loud scream and fell backward with a shower of blood streaming from his nostrils. For upwards of three hours his agonies were fearful, and it was thought he would die, but he finally rallied and may recover.

THE OLD RECORDS of the city of Charlotte, N. C., have been accidentally discovered, and now the people there are busy studying their past history. Among the old city ordinances is one that provides for the purchase of a city bull, and that this bovine champion shall be allowed to roam the streets unmolested.

ROOKE-DONOVAN.

The Two Gladiators Who Will Pummel Each Other May 11, for Ducats and Fame.

THEIR LIVES AND RECORDS.

Who and Where They Have Fought—In Fact, All About Them.

A SPORT THAT IS BAD FOR THE EYES.

[With Portraits.]

The great fight on the 11th of May between Mike Donovan and George Rooke for the middle-weight championship of America and \$2,000, is creating great interest throughout the sporting world. Both of these gladiators have won fame in the ring, and their well-known prowess and pluck has intensified the interest in the result of their encounter. The following are the terms of the fight:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 28th day of January, 1880, between George Rooke and Michael Donovan. The said George Rooke and the said Michael Donovan hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the prize-ring, by which the said George Rooke and the said Michael Donovan hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the middle-weight championship of America and the sum of \$2,000, to be divided equally between the two parties. The fight shall take place on the 11th day of May, 1880, at 10 P. M., at the Ring between the said George Rooke and the said Michael Donovan. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$100 a side is now deposited in the hands of a temporary stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows: The second, of \$300 a side, on the 18th of February, 1880; the third, of \$300 a side, on the 27th of March, 1880; and the fourth and final, of \$300 a side, on the 21st of April, 1880. The principals or their representatives shall toss for choice of fighting ground at the time of posting the last deposit, and the winner of the toss shall name the ground to his opponent or loser of the toss at the time. The final stakeholder to be also chosen at the time of posting the final deposit. The men or their representatives to meet between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M., April 21, 1880, to toss, etc. The said deposits must be put up not later than 5 o'clock P. M., on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magisterial interference, the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle-money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up. The place of weighing to be also agreed upon at the time of staking the last deposit. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

JAMES ELLIOTT,
MICHAEL DONOVAN,
WITNESS: EDWARD MALLAHAN,
GEORGE ROOKE.

The following sketch of each of their lives and performances will enable the reader to judge something of the nature of the work which each may be expected to do:

Donovan's first battle, according to *Fittania*, was with Jack Boyne, a noted light-weight of St. Louis. They fought at catch weights near Chicago for \$200 a side. It was a desperate battle, and Donovan was terribly beaten in the first of the battle, but as the fight progressed he soon gained the advantage. He possessed the bull-dog pluck and courage that characterized the late John Morrissey, and fought round after round until ninety-six had been fought, when the backers of Boyne broke up the fight on an alleged claim of foul, and Boyne was declared the winner.

This battle lasted 3 hours and 13 minutes, and, although Donovan was not declared the winner, he had the honor of being victorious. In June, 1866, he was matched to fight Nube Conroy, of Cleveland, O., for \$500. The fight took place near St. Louis, and Donovan won after a desperate battle, which lasted through sixty-two rounds, fought in 2 hours 19 minutes.

Donovan rested for two years, and in the meantime gained great notoriety as a rough-and-tumble fighter. In 1868 he was matched to fight Jack Boyne, of St. Louis, for \$500. The fight took place at Tipton, Md. It was a slashing fight, but of short duration. Donovan proved himself a first-class pugilist and whipped Boyne in 34 rounds, lasting 33 minutes. Donovan then left the west and came on east to fight Peter Croker and other high-weights who flourished in New York and Philadelphia twelve years ago.

He took up his residence at Philadelphia, and Alderman Billy McMullin took quite a liking to the rising young pugilist. Donovan was finally matched to fight Jim Murray, of Philadelphia. Murray was considered more than a match for Donovan, as the former had fought Billy McClain (now the noted base-ball umpire), a pugilist who once bested Joe Coburn with the gloves. Donovan and Murray fought in a room for a purse. Thirty rounds had been fought, and Donovan was looked upon as a sure winner, when the Philistines made a raid and the fight was broken up. Again the men met and thirteen more rounds were fought, when the fight was declared a draw. Donovan then left Philadelphia and went to New York, where he defeated Peter Croker in a glove fight.

Donovan then challenged Croker, McClain and Mur-

ray to fight for \$1,000, but was unable to secure a match. Donovan then went to Cohoes, N. Y., and went to work in his brother's, Jerry Donovan, sporting house, where he remained for some time. In the meantime pugilism again began to be all the rage, and New York boasted of a middle-weight boxereager to fight Donovan. The wonder said-to-be was Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, who had defeated Cash Murray, McDermott and fought a draw with Harry Hicken.

Donovan then offered to fight McClellan for \$1,000. The latter refused to fight without gloves and Donovan not being very particular agreed to meet the New York champion. A match was arranged for Donovan and McClellan to fight with hard gloves according to Queensbury Rules.

McClellan taught all the brokers how to box and was looked upon as a match for anybody. The fight took place, and 20 to 10 was laid on McClellan. Donovan had the best of the fighting all through, but he was not thoroughly on the rules and the referee, H. Buermeyer, awarded the fight to McClellan. The decision created quite a stir in sporting circles, as it was well known that McClellan was whipped. Donovan claimed he was cheated out of the stakes; but there was no appeal. Donovan, confident that he could whip McClellan, challenged him to fight for \$1,000 with or without gloves. McClellan could not find backers and for a time there was little prospect of a match.

Finally, Walton, of the St. James Hotel, New York, backer of Harriman the pedestrian, subscribed a purse of \$500 for McClellan and Donovan to fight for, Walton charging the brokers at \$10 a head for tickets of admission. The fight took place in Col. Monstery's Sparring Academy, Sixth avenue, New York; William H. Borst, the turfite, was referee.

Donovan out-fought McClellan from the start; six rounds were fought when Donovan knocked McClellan into his chair, which had no business in the ring, and followed up his advantage. McClellan had enough and claimed a foul. The referee ordered the fight to proceed, but McClellan refused to fight any longer and Donovan was hailed the victor.

At this time Harry Maynard, of Australia, was eager to fight Donovan and the latter journeyed to the Pacific slope to make a match.

On Donovan's arrival, Maynard refused to fight. McClellan in the meantime followed Donovan to San Francisco. A match with gloves for an alleged stake was announced. The fight took place in a hall at San Francisco, August 17, 1879. McClellan was seconded by Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers. Ninety-three rounds were fought and the fight was declared a draw, although Donovan would have won had the contest been finished.

Donovan then came back to New York, and on Rooke issuing a challenge to fight any man in America Donovan accepted the challenge, which led to the coming match.

GEORGE ROOKE.

This noted pugilist is 5 feet 11 inches in height, and in condition weighs 150 pounds.

He was born at Manchester, England, in 1843, and came to New York at an early age. He settled at Providence, R. I., and in 1866 he was matched to fight Tim Hussey, of Boston, for \$500. The fight took place October 3, 1866, at the Hub, and Rooke polished off Hussey easily. Rooke was then matched to fight Charley Collins, the "Cast-Iron Man," of Washington Market, New York, for \$1,000 a side. The fight took place on Fisher Island, Conn., April 10, 1867. Rooke lost, it was alleged by the referee, by striking a foul blow. It afterward transpired that the referee was paid for his decision. Rooke proved that he was a fighter in this battle and gained a host of backers. Rooke then came on to New York and gave an exhibition. The feature was a glove contest between Billy Dwyer, of Brooklyn, now an Alderman, and Rooke, in which the latter proved himself the best man. Rooke then challenged Rocky Moore, of New York, to fight at 145 pounds for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship. The match was made, and, as Moore had a widespread reputation as a rough-and-tumble fighter, great interest was manifested in the match. The fight took place at the Isle of Shoals, Portsmouth, N. H. Rooke was terribly beaten as was his opponent. Twenty-five rounds were fought when Moore knocked Rooke out of time and won the fight. The battle lasted 1 hour and 4 minutes.

Rooke's next battle was with Tim Hussey, of Boston, for a purse of \$500. It was fought in a room in New York, in the fall of 1869. Eighteen rounds were fought in forty minutes, when the police put a stop to the mill. Rooke was seconded by Barney Aaron and his old opponent, Matt Rocky Moore, while Joe Coburn and Jim Collins seconded Hussey.

Rooke then went to San Francisco and during his sojourn on the Pacific he fought a glove fight with Joe Coburn which ended in a row.

Rooke returned to New York and issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 150lb, for \$1,000, but no one came forward to meet him.

He was finally matched to fight Jim Coyne for \$2,000, all the preliminaries were arranged and the pugilists entered a ring at Haney Lake, 18 miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa. A disturbance arose over selecting a referee and the affair ended in a row and a fizzle.

Rooke then made a match with Tom Allen to fight for \$1,000, within 50 miles of Pittsburgh, Pa. All the stakes were posted and Allen entered the ring, but Rooke's backers would not let him go on and the stakes were drawn. Rooke then went to England to fight Tom Allen, who had preceded him.

On Rooke's arrival he challenged any man in England to fight for \$1,000 a side. The challenge was at once accepted by Denny Harrington, the middle-weight champion, and a match arranged. Articles of agreement were signed for the pugilists to fight for £50 and a cup valued at £100. Queensbury rules, each round to occupy three minutes, with one minute rest between. Jim Dillon trained Rooke, and Jack Hicks trained Harrington. The fight created considerable interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The fight took place in the Surrey Gardens, London.

Both pugilists had to weigh 154 pounds; Harrington scaled 153½ pounds and Rooke 150 pounds. Bet-

ting was £40 to £20 on the English champion. The fight was a desperate one; only six rounds were fought and Harrington punished Rooke terribly. In the sixth round he knocked him senseless and won the fight. The fight lasted thirteen minutes. This was Rooke's last battle.

MICHAEL DONOVAN.

Donovan is a well formed, muscular and powerful athlete and he has the cut and appearance of a pugilist. He is temperate in his habits and during the past three years he has taken the best of care of himself, being ambitious to win and wear pugilistic honors. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and when trained, ready to enter the ring, he weighs 145 pounds.

Donovan is an American by birth and of Irish descent. He was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1849, and is thirty-one years of age. He is a brother to the once famous and notorious Jerry Donovan of Chicago, who, in 1867, whipped Australian Kelly in New York, and who challenged any man in the world to fight for \$1,000 and the championship of middle weights.

Donovan is pronounced by ring men of the old school who have witnessed all the great battles in the American prize ring when the P. R. was in its palmy days to be a Hurricane fighter.

Donovan is a two-handed fighter, a good general in the ring. From his youth he has been a pugilist, and when he was but eighteen years of age he fought a long and determined battle.

PERDITION'S PETS.

Their Current Antics and Capers—Mrs.

Fay's Fairy—Confined in a Cellar—Mary Vreeland's Sensative Nature—A Murderous Nephew.

A DANGEROUS SUICIDE.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., May 3.—A farmer named George Wood was brought before a police magistrate here several days ago for attempting to murder his family. He told his wife in the morning that he had been thinking about it all night, and, procuring a hatchet, he made an attempt on their lives, but was overcome by his wife and daughter. The police magistrate sent him to jail, and yesterday he snatched an old knife, which had been dropped accidentally by a vagrant in custody, and cut his throat, dying in about two minutes.

A SHORT HONEYMOON.

ST. JOHNS, Mich., May 2.—Mary Vreeland, aged twenty-one, was married yesterday to Dean Boak. Upon returning to her home her mother upbraided her for having committed bigamy, she having another husband living. Mary then went to a physician, procured some strychnine, spread part of it upon a piece of bread, when she returned home, and told her mother she intended to take it. Mrs. Vreeland snatched the bread, but Mary ran into her own room, locked the door, and swallowed the strychnine she had left. Physicians were at once summoned, but their efforts were unavailing, and Mary died at 11 P. M., after suffering intense agony.

MURDERED BY HIS NEPHEW.

GALLIPOLIS, O., May 2.—Yesterday noon, Philip Wagoner, Jr., killed his uncle, Adam Wagoner, while his victim was at work planting potatoes in a field on his farm, in this county, about fourteen miles from here. Three years ago Philip and his uncle began having trouble on account of the former selling Adam's wife intoxicating liquors. Numerous petty suits ensued, and yesterday one of these went against Philip, which so enraged him that he shot his uncle. A charge in the neck felled Adam, who begged for his life, but Philip advanced, shooting him again in the mouth, causing instant death. The assassin is a fugitive from justice. Adam was sixty-five years old, and generally well thought of.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

GALVESTON, Tex., May 2.—This morning at 11:15 Frank L. C. Gowan shot and mortally wounded, in this city, George Turley. The difficulty took place on Market street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets. Turley, who is now dying in the Sister's Hospital, says that he slapped Gowan's face, which precipitated the difficulty. The parties to the affair are both Houston men, and well connected. A family quarrel has existed between these persons for about three years. Gowan fired five shots in rapid succession. Turley was wounded three times, the pistol being so close to his person one time as to set fire to his clothing. Gowan is now in jail. Great excitement was produced by the reports of the pistol. Turley was unmarried.

BULLDOZING A WITNESS.

A desperate bully took place in Wayne county, Ky., on Thursday last. A man named Powell, who was a witness of the murder, last fall, of Hutchinson by Phillips, has been begged and threatened by Phillips in order to keep him from testifying. Powell refused to leave the country or accept a bribe. On Thursday night a party of six or seven masked men attacked Powell's house and broke in the door with a rail, when Powell struck three of them down with an ax. Mrs. Powell was shot in the arm. The maskers retreated, but again returned, when Powell fired and killed the leader, who proved to be John Will Smith. The others ran off. Mrs. Powell pulled a handkerchief off the face of one of the men, and said it was Phillips. Powell obtained warrants for the arrest of the three men, who are now in jail.

BRUTAL TREATMENT.

Boston, May 4.—A shocking case of cruelty is reported from Lawrence, in this State, the victim being a woman twenty years of age, named Ella Wood, who, it is stated, was for some time confined in the cellar of a boarding-house in that city kept by a Mrs.

Kennon, deprived of all proper clothing and other comforts, terribly beaten and otherwise ill-used. The discovery was made by a woman who, while passing the house, was appealed to by the girl from the cellar window. The police were informed, and the girl was taken from her prison and carried to the station-house, where she was attended by the city physician. She charges that she was frequently beaten by Mrs. Kennon with the meat-mallet and potato-masher, and that she was kept at work almost constantly. The affair has caused great excitement, and Mrs. Kennon, who denies the story, has been arrested. A thorough investigation will be made.

MRS. FAY'S BAKER.

The moral sensibilities of McHenry, Ill., were shocked a few days ago by the birth of a child in the family of a widow of five years' standing. The woman who has continued to become a mother while without a husband is Mrs. Annetta Fay, who has a grown up family of sons and daughters to weep over her shame. The husband was James G. Fay, a prosperous insurance agent in Chicago before his death, and well known. He separated from his wife once, because, it is said, she persisted in receiving improper attentions from other men than Mr. Fay. To silence the tongue of scandal, he consented, soon, to receive her again before the world as his wife. Since his death Mrs. Fay has patronized a certain baker who drove over from Woodstock twice a week with his bread and pastry, and it is said that he frequently remained at her house longer than was necessary to transact legitimate business. Furthermore, it is reported that Mrs. Fay has told her aged mother that the baker is the father of the child. The alleged father has a family which he "came by" according to the statutes.

ELIZABETH'S STORY.

LA PORTE, Ind., April 30.—The circuit court to-day has been occupied with the trial of George and Elizabeth Lonsburg, alias Wilson upon a charge of burglarizing and robbing the residence of W. R. Brewer, March 7, and attempting to shooting Brewer when surprised at their work. After the evidence of the prosecution positively identifying the man, and the stolen property found upon the person of the woman, Mrs. Wilson testified in her own behalf, giving full particulars of the affair, as she chose to color it, stating that Wilson was drunk at the time, and did not know what he was doing, and that she followed him in fruitless endeavor to keep him out of trouble. Wilson himself pretends total obliviousness of everything that may have occurred between Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, when he found himself and wife in the woods between La Porte and Rolling Prairie. Much prominence was given to the marriage certificate, etc., as that will qualify the woman's liability. A colored animal, who has a husband in jail for larceny, claims Wilson as her first lord. She testified to marrying him five years ago in Pike county, Missouri, and the court and prisoners laughed when the scene of the nuptials was named. Judge Noyes sentenced Wilson to seven years in state prison, disfranchised him for seven years, and fined him \$50 and costs of the prosecution. Both parties gave loud manifestations of grief at the sentence. The jury have Mrs. Wilson's fate under deliberation.

'GLAE TO GOODNESS!

Downfall of Cullud Virtue—The Belle of Her Circle Gone Wrong—All for a Nice Young Man.

The colored *bon ton* of the city of Cincinnati are just now very much agitated over an unfortunate affair that has developed among them involving two highly-respected and well known families. The nature of the affair may be conjectured. A pretty mulatto girl of the West End, who, since her debut in society a little over a year ago, has been acknowledged one of its reigning belles, now laments an indiscretion which has tarnished her fame and caused her family the deepest grief. She is a mother and yet not a wife. The young girl states that Charles Bentley, a young colored man extensively known in this city, where his parents still reside, is the author of her ruin. Bentley is now filling an engagement as tenor with the Hyner Sisters Combination. He is a mulatto about twenty-two years of age, of good address and pleasing manners. He is said to possess an excellent tenor voice, and this, coupled with his other accomplishments and arts as a Lothario, aided him in gaining a place in the affections of the too susceptible young girl. Both were pupils at the Colored High School in this city, and were members of the same societies. The young girl was not only possessed of graces of person but of mind. She was one of the best pupils in the school, and developed almost extraordinary talent as an elocutionist. Her dramatic ability, as indicated in her frequent appearances at amateur theatricals, was a source of much pride to the colored people of the city. She sang well, and could play on almost any instrument at sight. Her performances on the piano had attracted the attention of some of our best musicians. Her career was brief but brilliant, and now she sits lamenting. Some of her friends have promised themselves that her despoiler shall not go unpunished, and there is doubtless trouble ahead for Bentley.

THE people of Stony Creek and Guilford, Conn., are much agitated over a peculiar freak of nature which occurred the other day. At midday, when the sky was perfectly clear and the sun was shining brightly, there came a long and loud report which seemed to be directly over head, and sounded like a heavy clap of thunder. No thunder clouds were visible and no other report was heard. It was at first supposed to be the report of a blast, but investigation proved that this was not the case.

A fire occurred in Boston one night last week, and a wife who was suddenly aroused from her slumbers didn't think to wake her husband but she rushed around, rolled her crimped hair up in the piano-cover, caught up her poodle-dog and left her husband and children to perish in the flames.

IN SHE PLUNGED BOLDLY.

A Mother Brings Her Four Children to Witness Her Suicide—Believed to Have Been Crazy by Gossiping Women's Tongues.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Please, Mr. Policeman, a woman fell overboard there just now," said a small boy who had run from the middle of the Harlem Bridge to where Policeman Van Orden was talking with Bridge-tender Watson. The men were standing some distance from the middle of the bridge, and had not seen anything unusual. Watson ran to the west end and yelled to the boatman on the float below that a woman was in the water. Van Orden hurried toward the middle of the structure and saw in the water, some fifty or sixty feet below, a woman's head, with bonnet on, floating at the surface and at intervals submerged by the waves. The voices of crying children attracted the policeman's attention, and he saw three children standing near the railing and a babe lying on the floor of the bridge. The eldest of the group was a boy about six years old, and he held his four-year-old brother with one hand and his two-year-old sister with the other. All were crying bitterly. The policeman picked up the babe, and turned to watch the boatmen in their efforts to rescue the mother. Meanwhile three boats had put out from the floats. A long line of pleasure boats are constantly kept fastened to the row of floats that extend above and below the bridge on the New York side of the river. It was the work of an instant to untie the painter, throw in a pair of



"SHET UP"—AN OLD LADY FROM THE "KENTRY, JEST COME DOWN TO SEE THE SIGHTS," ATTENDS A MATINEE AND TEACHES TWO GIDDY GIRLS WITH LIVELY TONGUES A LESSON IN MANNERS, BOTH HAVING ANNOYED HER BY THEIR CHATTERING DURING THE PERFORMANCE; NEW YORK.

his own net. A handsome blonde, an employe under him, a wide-awake girl, was importuned by him to take an evening walk, and after much hesitation agreed to do so. In the meantime she enlisted into

the overseer and his lady love (?) were to be seen. True as steel they were there at the appointed time, and had not long to wait before the overseer and the girl put in an appearance in the vicinity of the Bar-

come off second best with three women against him—he beat a hasty retreat. The next day the lady who accompanied her boss on this moonlight walk was complained of by the gentlemanly overseer, and an effort was made by him to have her discharged from the mill, but the tables were turned, the girls' tale of the lark was believed, and her man, or at least wanted to be, was not believed, but instead of keeping the position he had so long held, was ordered right about face.

"Shet Up."

[Subject of Illustration.]

At one of the matinees near the close of the season at the Grand Opera House, two fashionable, tip top ladies occupied the front seat. There was nothing very remarkable in the fact of their particular location, had they done as others did, but unusual attention was attracted to them from the fire of conversation which they kept up, in an audible tone, to the evident discomfort of those seated within earshot. But no one made a move to silence them, until quite an old lady, one of the good, old-fashioned sort, and carrying an equally old-fashioned green parasol, quietly leaned forward, and poking one of the aforesaid ladies in the ribs, and flattening out the other's stylish hat, made the simple ejaculation "shet up." It is almost superfluous to add that the two talkative persons did shet, to the relief of the audience.

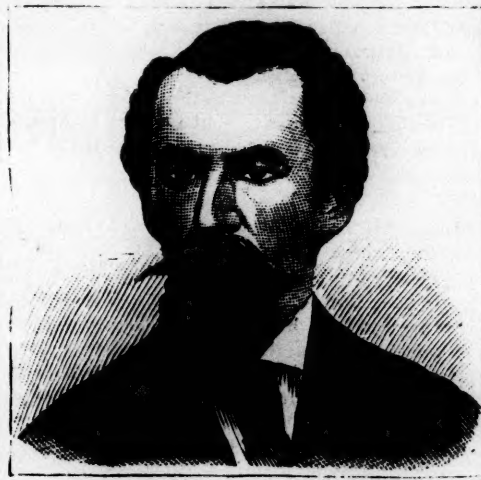
Jacob Meyers who died of fever in New Orleans, is said to have confessed that himself and his son David stole the remains of A. T. Stewart, in New York. Judge Hilton ridiculed the story, but it was



SPENCE PETTIS, FORGER, COMMITTED SUICIDE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.



MADLINE SINCLAIR, KEEPER OF A BAGNIO IN WASHINGTON, D. C.



W. A. LEWIS, A PILLAR OF THE CHURCH; INVITED TO LEAVE TOWN FOR HIS CAPERS.



REDNEY BURNS, CHARGED WITH MURDERING A CHICAGO GROCERYMAN, MARCH 1.

oars, and push off. The woman's head could just be seen as the men grasped their oars. H. S. Church in one boat was a boat's length ahead of Charles Long and Henry P. Raynor in another boat, and A. L. Kirker and J. J. Heald, in a third boat, were not far behind. Church was the first to reach the woman, and the other men helped to lift her into his boat. "I could not have pulled her out of the water," he said, "if no one but myself had been on hand. She would have pulled my little cockle shell over if I had been alone. She did not take any interest in being saved until I had rowed quite near her. Then she shrieked, and as soon as I was within arm's length she seized the rowlock desperately. The other boats came up, and the woman was lifted in to my boat. She didn't say a word, though it's my opinion that she was glad to live, but I'm not very sure of my opinion. I guess she was crazy, from the wild look in her eyes. She was in the water perhaps five minutes. Her dress kept her afloat."

When brought to the station-house and questioned as to the motive of her mad act, she refused to give any reason therefor. Neighbors believe that she has been crazed by certain rumors reflecting on her character that have been set afloat by the busy-bodies who live near her. She was removed to the hospital, and the physicians will decide whether she is insane or not.

An Amorous Boss.

An overpeer in one of the East End mills at Fall River, Mass., a married man has a hankering after other women, particularly those a little younger than himself, and this week was caught in

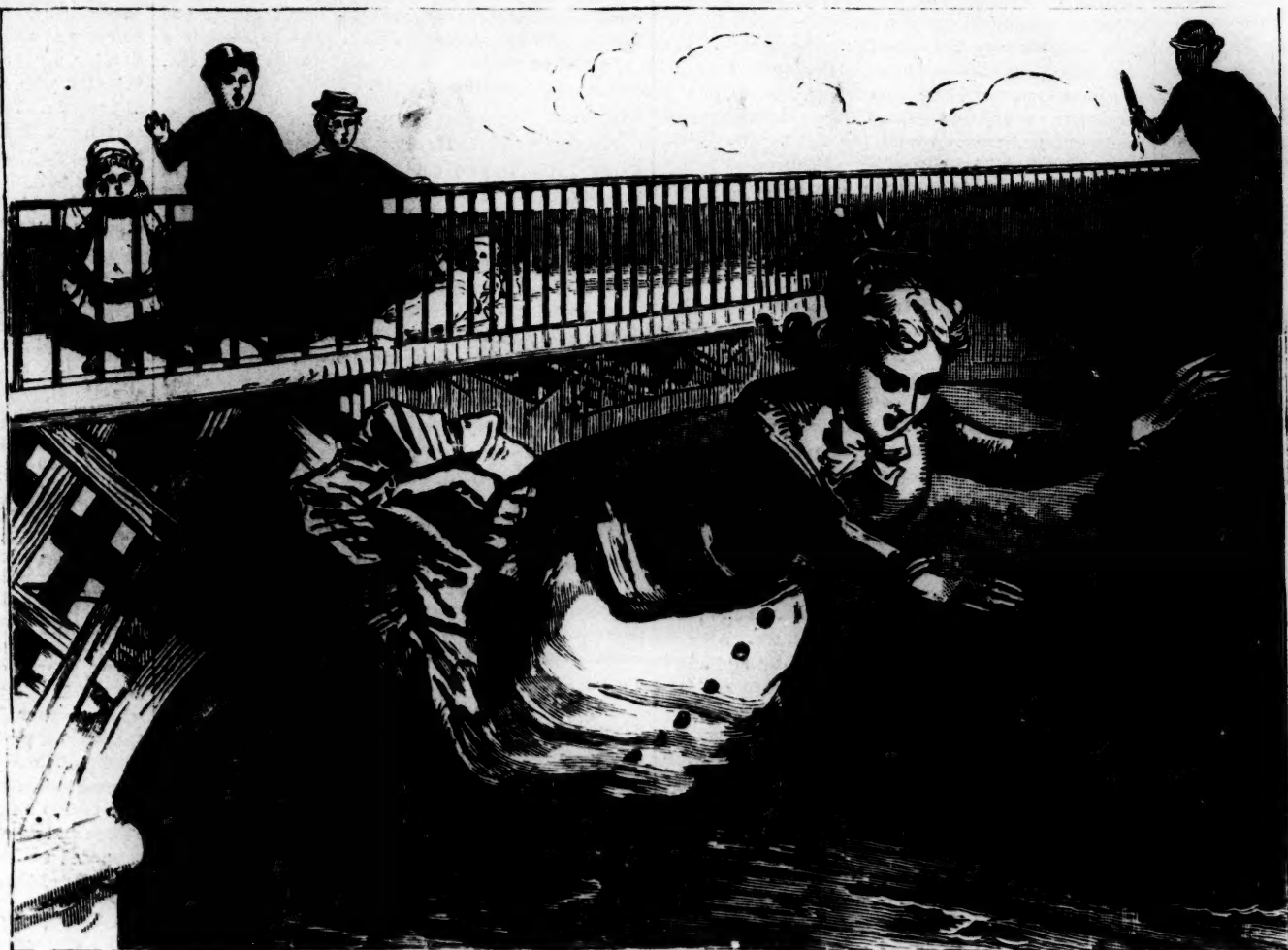
her confidence the services of two other of the employes of the female sex, and made every preparation to give her boss a warm reception. These girls were made acquainted with the spot and the time where

nard Mill. Previous to occupying that position, they had collected a goodly number of large pebbles, which they freely used, the lady along with the overseer was considerably hurt. On finding that he must

ascertained that a man named Jacob Meyers was in the employ of Stewart some thirty years ago, and was discharged under suspicious circumstances.

The Jury's Say.

The inquest in the De Young case was concluded April 25th. All the evidence taken was substantially the same as the reports heretofore telegraphed, with the exception that a man giving his name as John Clementshaw testified that at the time of the shooting he was looking through a window of the Chronicle counting room and saw Kalloch and De Young facing each other, the latter leaning against the counter. Directly De Young straightened himself, drew a pistol from his overcoat pocket and fired at Kalloch. The latter then drew and began firing, when De Young ran. The remainder of his evidence was in accordance with the other testimony. The fact that Clementshaw had previously endeavored to obtain permission to view the body of deceased, bringing a note to the Coroner from the Sheriff's office, in which he was introduced as Mr. Watson, tended to discredit his testimony, and the direct evidence of other eye witnesses and the fact that De Young's pistol was found not to have been discharged, decided the jury to attach no weight to his testimony and after brief deliberation they returned a verdict charging Kalloch with murder. Clementshaw explained his change of name by stating that he adopted the name of Watson as a matter of convenience, his true name being difficult to pronounce.



A MAD FREAK—A MOTHER BRINGS HER FOUR CHILDREN TO WITNESS HER SUICIDE, AND PLUNGES FROM A BRIDGE INTO THE RIVER IN THEIR PRESENCE; HARLEM, N. Y.

BULL-DOGGING THE OLD MAN.

A Would-be Son-in-Law Disciplines His Prospective Legal Parient in a Clever Way.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For about six months past a young fellow named Harry Innis has been "sweet" upon the lovely daughter of a Mr. Grandis, a wealthy old gentleman residing on North Broad street, Newark, N. J. Innis is a harness maker, and if there is any one that old man Grandis looks down upon it is a person who smells of wax. Miss Grandis, however, has none of her father's antipathy to gentlemen who draw the waxed cord. In proportion as Henry's affection for the young lady was reciprocated old man Grandis waxed wroth and doubled the degrees of his swears for vengeance. Not daring to enter the house by the front door, Harry stole in quietly by the rear gate and he and Miss Grandis held their trysting in a secluded nook of the conservatory. Thus things went on for some weeks, when by accident the old gentleman discovered the lovers in their retreat.

The next morning old man Grandis advertised for a cross bulldog. By the merest coincidence young Innis was one of the first to notice the advertisement in the morning paper, and he at once

"TUMBLER" TO THE SITUATION.

It seemed plain to him that the dog was intended to worry the seat of his sun-bay pants, and he determined to be even with the father of his charmer. Innis owns a bulldog of the fiercest kind; one that feeds at his brother's meat shop, down in Ferry street. Innis hired a boy to take the dog up to the old man Grandis and offer him for sale, in answer to the advertisement. Well muzzled, the dog was sent to the Grandis residence, and the old gentleman was so well pleased with his ferocious appearance that he paid the boy \$5, and became the owner of the dog. He chuckled to himself, thinking that he had got the animal dirt cheap.

The dog was turned into the back yard, after danger signs had been erected and the muzzle removed. Soon after the shades of night had wrapped in their sable mantle the mansion on North Broad street, the old man had occasion to go into the back yard.

Just as he reached the rear end of the yard he was startled by a low growl. He did not hear "seize him" whispered through a knot hole in the fence. Grandis spoke to the new dog in a friendly way, but

THE ANIMAL BRISTLED UP and proclaimed war to the teeth. It was plain that, as the business end of the dog was rapidly nearing the calf of Grandis' right leg, something must be done. The old gentleman sprang for the limb of a tree, and swung himself up just as the dog was about to fasten on to his boot heel.

Just then a young man deliberately opened the back gate and walked through the yard with the girl. He exchanged looks with the dog, and it was plain that they understood each other. For two mortal hours the old gentleman shrieked to the night wind



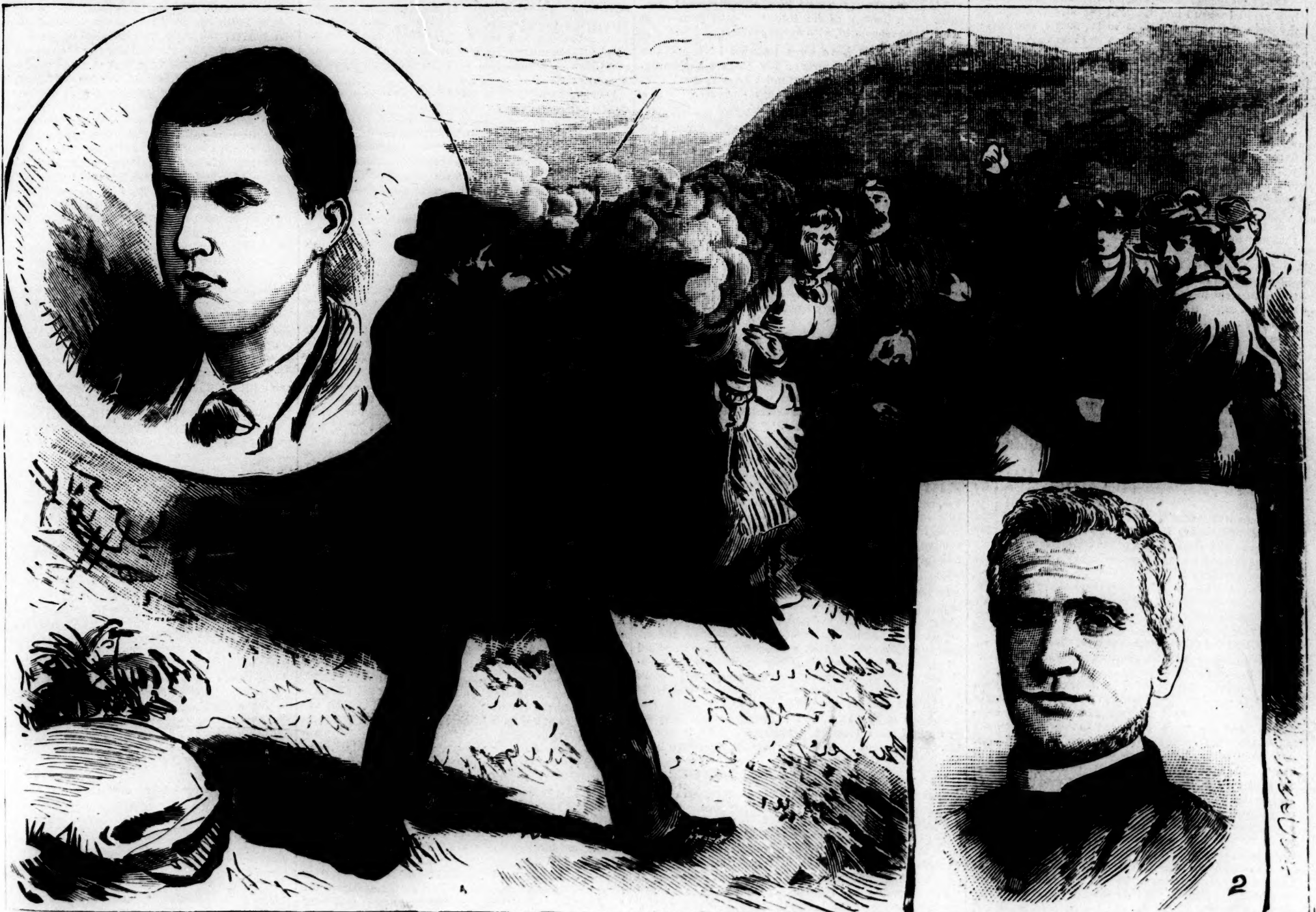
TREEING THE OLD MAN—"ONE OF THE BOYS" ADOPTS A CLEVER RUSE TO RID HIMSELF OF HIS MEDDLESOME PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW, AND COMPELS HIM TO DO SOME TALL CLIMBING TO ESCAPE MANGLES; NEWARK, N. J.

while his daughter and the young harness maker courted in uninterrupted bliss. As the youth left the bulldog shot out of the gate by his side, and Grandis was permitted to get down from the tree and thaw himself out. He thinks now that a good thick pair of boots are worth more than fifty bull-dogs, particularly if the man you want to tackle happens to be the former owner of the dog.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

And Old Man Who Don't Believe in Banks—\$100,000 in the House—Burglars Want It, and Try to Get It—And Get Into Trouble.

Isaac Steele lives with his wife, son and daughter near Petrolia, Pa. He is the owner of the once famous Steele oil farm, and is very wealthy. Having no faith in banks, he has for years kept in a safe in his house between \$80,000 and \$100,000 in money. Two years ago three masked burglars broke into Steele's house and attempted to rob him. They had secured Steele and his wife, the son and daughter being away, when they were alarmed by the sound of some one approaching the house and fled. Steele still persisted in keeping the large amount of money in his house, saying that he would rather take his chances with burglars than with banks or any investment he knew of. A few days ago, at about midnight, three men broke into Steele's house. They seized him and his wife, who fought desperately. Mrs. Steele was knocked senseless by one of the men, all of whom were masked. The son appeared on the scene. One of the burglars met him at the door of the room and, leveling a revolver at his head, compelled him to stand still. The daughter then entered the room from another door. The room was lighted up during the encounter by a lamp left burning on a table by the old folks when they retired. Old Mr. Steele was still fighting desperately with the remaining two men when his daughter entered the room. She at once seized one of the men, and left her father to cope with the other. The robber whom the daughter had seized knocked her down, and kicked her until she was unconscious. She had torn the mask from his face, however, and recognized in him a notorious character of the neighborhood, named Jim James. Old Mr. Steele had by this time been overcome, but had, in the struggle with the burglar, snatched the cloth from his face, and recognized "Billy" McDonald, a man who had gained much notoriety in the neighborhood as a pedestrian. The cries of the family and the noise made by the struggle in the room had alarmed a neighboring family, and two men hurried to the Steele residence. Their approach was heard by the burglars, and they fled from the house by the back door. The men told wot them, firing several shots, but the desperadoes reached the woods in safety. McDonald and James were lurking about the village and were arrested and lodged in jail. It is not positively known who the third burglar is, but a well-known resident of Petrolia is suspected, and will probably be arrested. It is said that Steele intends to seek some other place of deposit for his spare cash.



MOB LAW IN PATERSON, N. J.—A MAY DAY FESTIVAL TURNED INTO A SCENE OF DISORDER AND DEATH—A HOT-HEADED LANDLORD TRIES TO PREVENT TRESPASS ON HIS PROPERTY, AND NOT SUCCEEDING BY THREATS COMMITS MURDER—SCENE AT THE TIME OF SHOOTING—1—JOSEPH VAN HOUTEN, VICTIM OF THE TRAGEDY. 2—FATHER McNULTY.—[SKETCHED BY SPECIAL GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 3.]

for stabbing Kate O'Brien; Billy Foster, for carjacking
murderer; Jerry Egan, for shooting Tim Heenan; John
Dolan, for the murder of a brush merchant named Sae,
being convicted upon circumstantial evidence, as there
were no witnesses of the actual deed, and Michael Nixson,
who shot Chas. Schafer because he wouldn't get out of

BADLY MASHED MODELS.

And They Did the Mashing Themselves all for a Nice Young Man Who

CAPTURED THEM WITH A CAMELIA.

Wars of the Venuses in a New York Studio.

A BOHEMIAN VICTORY.

Black Eyes Which Are Not Conducive to Feminine Beauty Unless You Know Enough

TO HAVE THEM PAINTED.

A pair of black eyes are the prettiest possessions a woman can wish for when they are languishing parts of a face of that dreamy, oval type we call Spanish, and that brunette complexion which is so superb in its luscious richness when it glows on one through the envious drapery of a lace mantilla in the crowded auditorium of the bull fight, which Mr. Bergh declares we New Yorkers never shall see even in mimicry. But if you happen to be an artist's model, and your black eye happens to be of the sort gentlemen of the coal-heaving persuasion present their spouses with when they are displeased, it is quite another thing. And that is just what Miss Belleville is now kicking about.

Miss Belleville is one of the most famous professional models in New York. Her perfection of face and form have made her popular with the public in many a one of those alluring pictures at which elderly gentlemen find their mouths watering, and young ones wish they had an introduction to the original. She has served as the type for more Venuses, Junos, Phrynes and the rest of those fascinating noddies who used to drive the Athenians mad and set the Olympian gods at jealous loggerheads, than would stock a whole library of mythologies and ancient histories. Her face—and figure—have literally been her fortune. During the few years she has been traveling on her shape she has amassed a handsome savings bank account. She lives well, in a stylish flat, where her peculiar profession is unknown, and is aristocratic in her tastes and aspirations.

Mademoiselle Lagrange is another artistic goddess of metropolitan renown. Like Miss Belleville, she is young and lovely. Unlike her, however, she is a perfect Bohemian. She lives in lodgings in Bond street, and likes lager beer. She eats and drinks well, spends her money as it comes in and is literally one of the boys. This may be explained by the fact that, in the first place, she is French, and in the second, she was a ballet girl in an opera bouffe troupe till a famous artist here became sufficiently enamored of her development to transfer it to canvas and so open up a new profession to her. The old free and easy habits of her theatrical life cling to her like truer lovers than women generally find, and, to use her own piquant, fractured English, she doesn't hate poison half as bad as she does a woman who is "steak up."

This peculiarity has made her very popular among the artists, jolly dogs, as a rule, who hate sour faces and grand airs, whereas Miss Belleville's high-tonedness has operated in the reverse direction for her. And as both happen to have equally perfect stocks in trade and are equally in demand, they are, naturally, rivals.

So much so that Miss Belleville speaks of Mademoiselle Lagrange, with her nose tip tilted, as "that low, common French gutter-sweeper;" while Mademoiselle Lagrange alludes to Miss Belleville as "zat dam fool Americane, vat put on ze style till eet mek you seek."

A couple of weeks ago a jovial disciple of the palette found himself necessitated to use two models together. Both must be females. The subject was a Bacchanalian picture of the middle ages, with ladies of high complexion and easy manners, in a very weak condition of wardrobe, getting drunk with one trooper whom each is striving to win from the other. The trooper, a weak, but handsome young friend of the artist consented to impersonate. So the two finest models in New York were engaged at the usual heavy expense, tapestries hung up, a costume for the trooper secured together and the picture begun.

The first day passed pleasantly enough, all around. The artist was pleased with the models. The weak, but handsome young man was pleased with the novelty of his position, and neither of the two ladies objected to his making familiar advances to their slenderly clad busts as the artistic exigencies of the occasion required. In point of fact, and to make use of a vulgarism, both were "dead mashed." The object of their adoration, though he did not experience any such excessive tenderness of sentiment, still appreciated the beauty of the aggregate situation enough to tell a friend that night that they were "demmed fine gurls," and he liked them immensely, "demmed if he didn't."

The ladies, however, could not appreciate this comprehensiveness of favor. Each wanted him for herself. Whenever, as any gallant gentleman would, he said a pleasant thing to one the other wanted hers twice as sweet. He did his best, till taffy became a drug in the market. He talked till he couldn't invent any more soft nothings. Then from words he progressed to facts in the shape of bon-bons and Japanese fans. But like a wise man he distributed his favors with impartiality, and if one gave a smile more than the other it was by accident.

Finally he presented each with a bouquet. They were all appearances precisely alike, ordered from the same florist at the same price. But one happened, by accident, of course, to have a fine camelia in its fragrant heart. Camellias are expressive flowers. They are also emblems of tenderness and devotion. So as this one chance to be in Miss Lagrange's bouquet, Miss Belleville's blood ran hot with the fire of jealousy. Of course she did not condescend to express her displeasure to such

a depraved creature, but she looked it, and poor little Lagrange laughed in her Bohemian way and enjoyed her triumph. One afternoon while the weak, but handsome young man was kissing her in the dressing-room, she remarked:

"Eet is a most sad affair, eet is not, then, monsieur?"
"What do you mean?"
"Zat Mademoiselle l'Americane av zee spleen."
"The dooce you say," observed the W. B. H. Y. M.
"What about?"
"Vat about?"
"Yes."
"But av you not then see?"

The W. B. H. Y. M. (this is not a fifteen puzzle) acknowledged he hadn't, so Mademoiselle told it to him and then they went off and had supper together on the strength of the news. The supper was of course washed down with wine, and the little Bohemian came to the studio next day with the head on her that people who use champagne as an intoxicant usually have. Jolly Palette, who of course noted her painful condition, asked what was the matter.

"I am seek," was the reply, leaning her head on the W. B. H.'s shoulder. "Oh, Monsieur Palette! I am so seek!"

"Can't I do anything for you," queried the kindly artist. "Do you feel too bad to sit to-day?"
"If she does I don't," observed Miss Belleville acrimoniously; "I'm not going to be robbed for a low thing like that, that I'm not."
"Vat ees zat you call me?" queried Mlle. Lagrange, forgetting all of a sudden that she was sick.

"Never you mind."
"But you say I rob you. Now I nevere rob anybodee in my life. I am not ze thief."

"Oh! no, of course not."

"Mebbee you sink I ees zen."

"Never you mind what I think. Look here, Mr. Palette. If I can't do my work without being insulted by a common French huzzy like that, I won't come here, that's flat. No decent woman, with any respect, would stand it, I can tell you."

"Oho! ze French huzzy is eet? Zee common French huzzy, you say? She insult you? Vell, madame ze dam fool Americane, you have mek me seek viz your put-on style zis many a time. Now I mek you seek viz my own; vat belong to me, and ees only put on ven ze occasion require him."

And she did. For she polished off Miss Belleville till the Venus of Medici was a Russian in midwinter alongside of her, while the weak but handsome young man and Palette took it all in like philosophers. It was a war of Venuses which would have edified the gods. The number of rounds is not recorded. In fact, the spectators had enough to do to look on. But when the battle ended there were two lovely young females with no more wardrobe than that which Lady Godiva had when she took her historic ride through Coventry, and enough damages to keep a hospital busy for a day or so.

Which will probably sufficiently explain why Miss Belleville objects to her style of black eye. As far as Mademoiselle Lagrange is concerned she had her painted by Palette, who made the job his masterpiece, and went to supper with the W. B. H. Y. M., as soon as she got her clothes on. And the W. B. H., etc., swears that she's "the jolliest gyurl, by Jove, I've seen in an age, 'pou my monah!"

No one has had nerve enough to interview Miss Belleville on the subject yet. If any reader cares to risk his life he can obtain her address at this office upon producing satisfactory proof that he is insured for the benefit of his family.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

In the O'Leary pedestrian match at Buffalo, N. Y., Pancho, the postman, was the winner with a score of 406 miles. Faber came next with 405 miles; Fitzgerald, 386; Herty, 359; Campans, 340; Bluet, 312.

The great shooting-match for the championship of the world and a contingent purse of \$1,000 between Captain Bogardus and Fred. Erb, Jr., of St. Joseph, took place at Compton Avenue Park, St. Louis, May 1st. The attendance was fully 1,500 persons. Bogardus won the match.

Bell's Life says: "John Wm. Oakden, nineteen years of age, champion 500 yard shot of England, challenges any man in the world to shoot forty shots at a 500 yards target, four feet diameter, with eight-inch bull's-eye, or he will give eight points out of eighty shots for \$250 a side and 100 guinea challenge cup. He will give or take \$50 for expenses to any part of the world."

The Volunteer Service Gazette urges that the American rifle-team be invited to Wimbledon to compete with the best men that the United Kingdom can produce. This, it says, will not necessarily interfere with the arrangements nor delay them. The Globe hopes that the National Rifle Association will take into consideration the subject of an international match, and urges the institution of a handsome trophy for the purpose.

CAPTAIN GEORGE N. STONE, of this city, who is managing the famous trotting mare Maud S. for William H. Vanderbilt, has accepted the proposition of Mr. Hickok, of California, to match his horse Santa Claus against the filly, five races each, for a stake of \$5,000. He stipulates that the races shall take place in Illinois, Ohio, New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, with a view of having them trotted at Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Hartford and Philadelphia.

JASPER JAMES CARGILL, a student in the California College, at Mendocino, made a heavy wager that he could walk and run six hundred miles in six days. He believed that the plan usually adopted by pedestrians, that of doing their utmost during the first twenty-four hours, was a mistake, because it brought about exhaustion at the beginning of the journey. His time-table was for an even hundred miles a day. He proved a wonderful walker, and apparently demonstrated the soundness of his theory. On each of the first four days he covered exactly one hundred miles, in an average of twenty hours. On the fifth day, however, he fell ill, and was compelled to stop. He intends to repeat the experiment.

The league base-ball season opened on Saturday, May 1, with all the eight league clubs engaged. The Chicago played a close game at Cincinnati, winning in the ninth inning by a score of 4 to 3. The Chicago tallied in the second and ninth innings; the Cincinnati in the third and eighth. The Worcester and Troy played at Worcester, and the home team won by a score of 13 to 1, tallying in the first, second, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth innings. The Troy made their run in the first. Buffalo played at Cleveland, and won by a score of 7 to 4, tallying in the second, third and fourth innings; Cleveland in the third, fourth and eighth. Providence administered a severe drubbing to Boston on the former's grounds, winning by a score of 8 to 0. The winners scored in the first, second, sixth, seventh and ninth innings. In the absence of Brown and Powers, Jim O'Rourke caught for Boston

The National Association season also opened with a game at Albany, between the Albany and Nationals of Washington. Eleven innings were played, resulting in a tie—4 to 4.

EDWIN BIBBY, now matched with Maximilian Mamont to wrestle Græco-Roman style, desires to say before the contest takes place, that, win or lose, he will be ready to wrestle Officer Muldoon for the championship and the medal emblematic of the same, and that if Muldoon still declines to meet him, he (Bibby) will claim the championship of America at Græco-Roman wrestling and be prepared to defend the title against all comers.

EDWARD HANLAN arrived at Washington, D. C., April 30th, and the boats which he took with him from Canada were housed at the Annapolis Club-house, while the champion took up his quarters at Willard's Hotel, on "the avenue." He first dipped sculls in the Potomac the next day, when he pulled over the upper and lower courses, expressing a preference for the latter. Courtney will, it is stated, start for Washington May 10, and the race is announced to be rowed May 19. James Riley is the first substitute to take the place of either principal who may fail to start, and A. R. Soule has offered Warren Smith \$100 for expenses if he will take his chances as fourth man, with an opportunity to row for the big purse in case two of the three named fail to come to time. A meeting of the Halifax R. A. was held May 1, to consider the offer; but it was not believed that it will be accepted, mainly for the reason that the time is too short to admit of Smith getting into condition. If it is not accepted, Wallace Ross will probably be allowed to occupy the position of fourth man. The full amount of the prize, \$8,000, is, we understand, now in the hands of Wm. Blake, referee, who will hand it to the man who is by himself declared the winner.

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